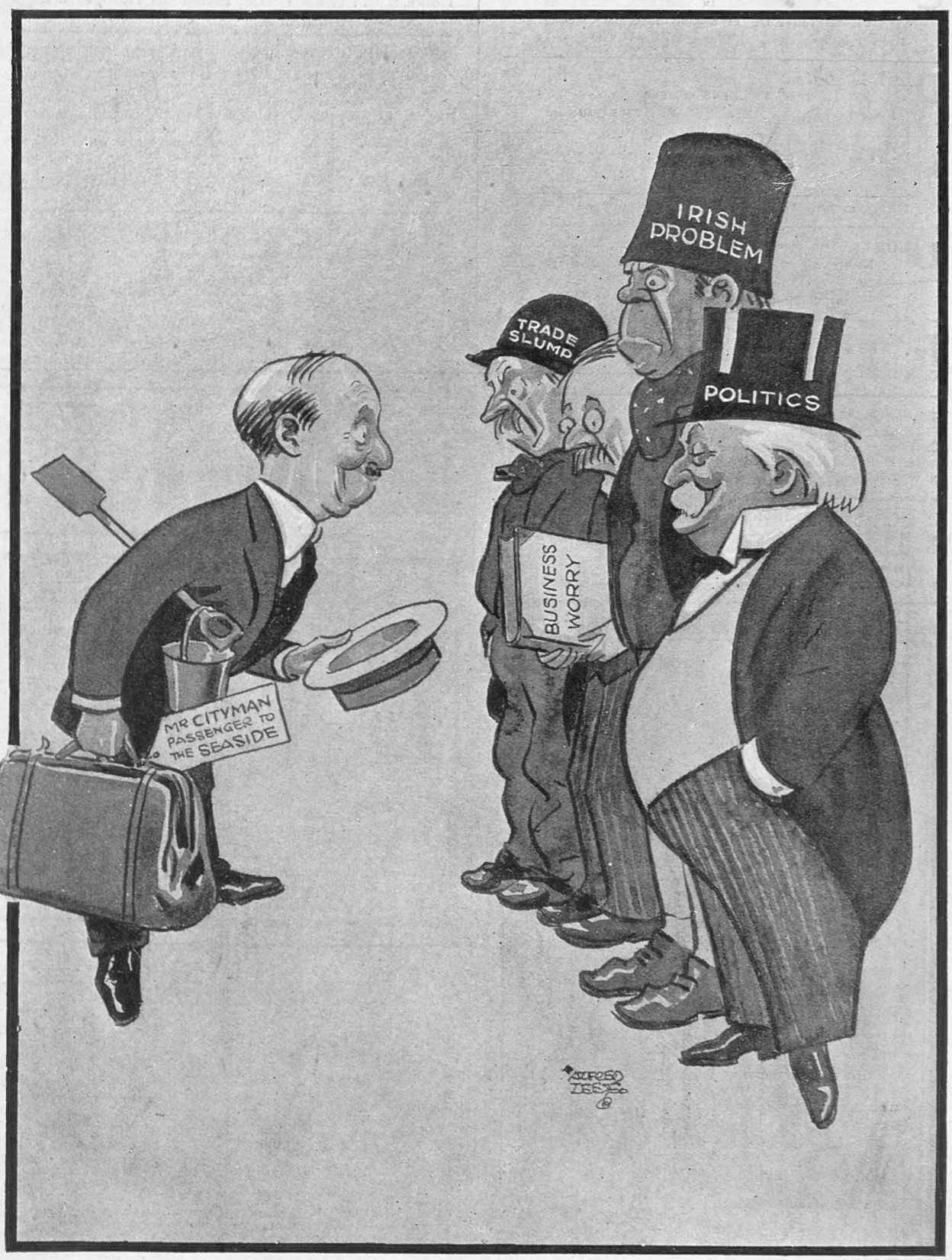
The Bystander, August 3, 1921 No. 922. Vol LXXI.

The BYSTANDER



BY ALFRED LEETE

"GOOD-BYE, GENTLEMEN!—

And I don't want to hear any more of you till I come back"

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JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast.
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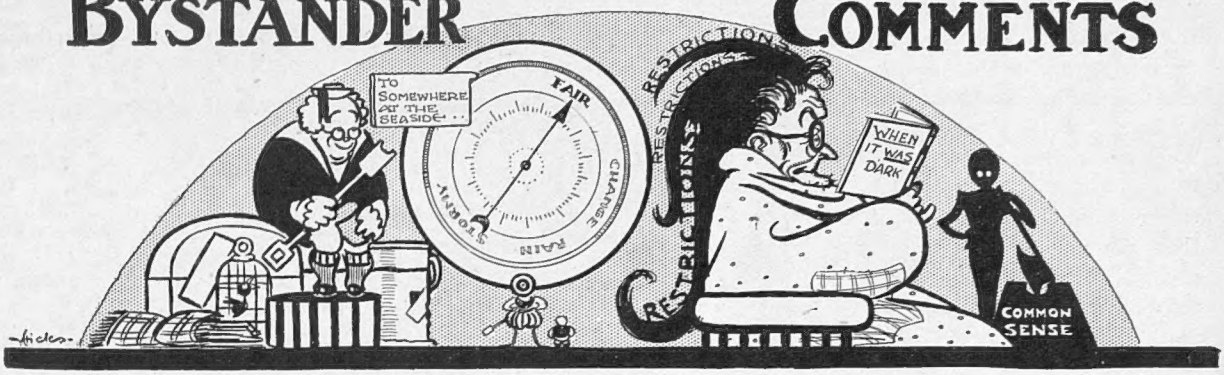
BYSTANDER COMMENTS



By Victor Hicks

Railway stations now hum with the holiday rush,
To enjoy, while they can, the good weather;
Dora is in, I see, for a trim,
But why not kill her off altogether?

Reminiscent of Happier Days

"Pre-War" is a useful and comprehensive term, and one which has doubtless come to stay. For most of us it is another way of saying "The Halcyon Days." It is short, concise, and in every way admirable, as covering so much in a two-syllabled composite word. But I am not sure that in this very excellence there does not exist a certain element of failure. The word is in our mouths a dozen times a day, but its meaning is too comprehensive to do the good that should result from this constant reference to "pre-War" times. By this time every business man knows the value of constant repetition by advertisement, but he takes good care to "rub in" the individual articles which he wants to sell. He does not say merely that he has soap or clothes to sell; he takes care to let us know what soaps and what clothes we can get from him.

Necessary Propaganda

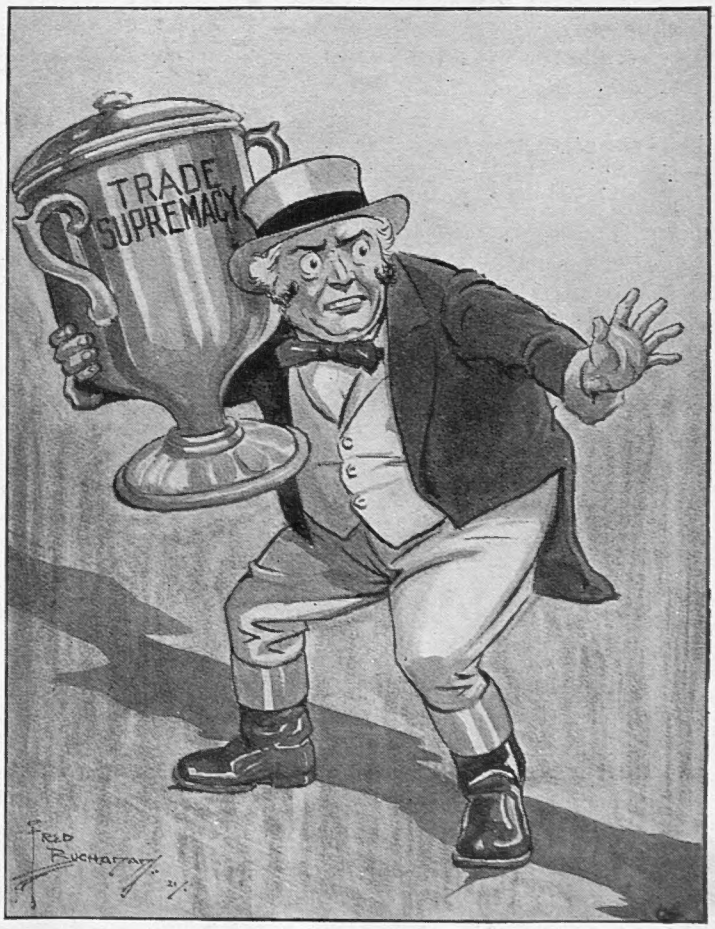
Advertisement is, of course, propaganda, and a word like "pre-War" ought to be propaganda. But it is too general. It reminds us in a vague and general sort of way of a past and happy state of affairs, and leads us to think of this state as one as inevitably gone as are the great days of Greece or Rome. This is an entirely wrong frame of mind for us to encourage. We must get back those halycon "pre-War" days and conditions. Perhaps some clumsier but more particular method of referring to the period before August, 1914, might help us to do this, by keeping us strung up to a proper state of indignation against the lamentable condition in which we now find ourselves, and in which we seem far too ready quietly, even sheepishly, to acquiesce.

"When We Smoked Cigars"

Instead of speaking of this or that as being "pre-War," suppose we said, "Before the income tax was six shillings in the pound," or "When beer was really a drink," or, again, "When we could buy cigarettes and chocolate after 8 p.m.," or "In the days of penny postage and sixpenny telegrams," or "Before Eric." You can think of dozens of alternatives. For a change we might remind ourselves of our own personal little affairs, and instead of "pre-War" say, "When I smoked cigars," or "Before I took to gaspers," "When I sometimes drove in taxis," "When I had my shirts made by ——'s"—complete the list for yourself. I really think if we all studiously made use of these "Lest we forgets" it might keep us up to the scratch, and help us to put our house in order a little more quickly than we are doing at present.

Clear Out the Limpets

Unfortunately there are a great many people, male and female, who want us to forget. For them "pre-War" has no happy sound. These are



By Fred Buchanan

THE LAST CHAMPIONSHIP

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

the well-named "limpets," the understrappers of the "wasters," and yet, in a way, their partners, for the ones cannot exist without the others. No one seems to know how to get rid of the "limpets." Everybody knows a few of them, for the most part dear, useless people who have had a job found for them at the public expense, because in these strenuous days they are not worth the money of any individual engaged in real business. When these "Departments," now maintained by and for "wasters" and "limpets," were first instituted people were employed in them who were able to do the work for which they were intended, and who did it. When the need for the "Departments" no longer existed these people were glad to get back to their own work in life. Some of them should now be commandeered and sent to their old "Departments" and made to report on oath upon the necessity for the people they find still there. What a clearance there would be! If, of course, their reports were acted upon.

Beer Beats Tea!

BEER last week undoubtedly scored a decisive victory over tea. The point was in no way concerned with the relative merits, moral or otherwise, of alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages. Nevertheless, beer won. The London County Council have now definitely settled that the site of Shakespeare's Old Globe Playhouse in Park Street, Southwark, was on the premises of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's famous brewery. For long Messrs Twinings, the great tea merchants, claimed that it was on their territory. The L.C.C. have now officially settled the question. Messrs. Barclay and Perkins settled it to their own satisfaction a dozen years ago. They made a most careful research into the whole history of the old theatre, and satisfied themselves as to the exact spot on which it had stood. I was present in the autumn of 1909 at a big luncheon party in the brewery, when the late Sir Herbert Tree unveiled a tablet marking the site. Amongst others who spoke on the occasion I remember Sir Edward Clarke and Sir William Treloar. The exact spot marked by the tablet is between the boiler-shop and the cooperage department. With all respect to Messrs. Twinings, I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare would himself be better satisfied with a brewery than with a tea establishment on the site of his old Playhouse.

By Alfred Leete

AUNTIE CYCLONE

The Comic Old Lady who has been visiting us lately

The Monkey Gland Menace

I HAVE the deepest respect for men of science, but the time has come when some of them ought to be put under control. The "monkey gland" is now an old story. Last week we heard of the "goat gland," and of the goat-rejuvenated old American who married his nurse and is now a proud father. The doctor, we were told, has now a flock of 300 goats, and is prepared to rejuvenate all and sundry. At home here we have a scientific gentleman who has kept a bit of an embryonic chicken "alive" for a far longer period than a chicken could live in an ordinary way—and, judging from some of the chicken I have had quite recently in establishments I need not mention, that alone must be a very considerable time. But this scientist's embryonic bit of chicken can, apparently, be kept alive for ever. Now all this has a very dangerous trend.

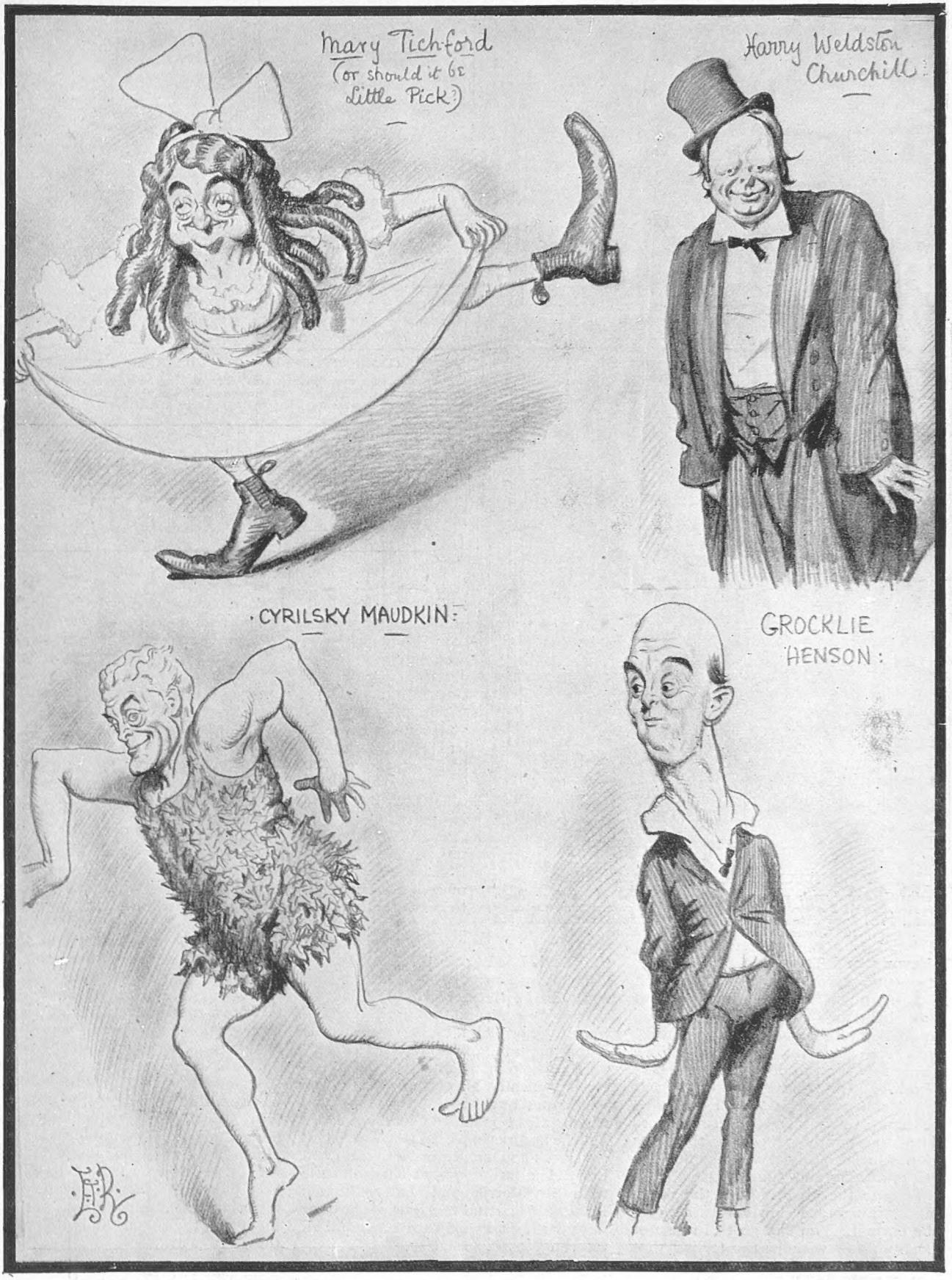
A Dastardly Deed

THESE scientists are evidently out to conquer the secret of immortality. I would not interfere with them. Let them discover it by all means. But they must not tell everybody all about it. Suppose that one of them finds the formula—whether it be based on monkey, goat, or chicken—for an *elixir vitæ* and publishes it to the whole world, what a horrible power it would place at the disposal of the unscrupulous! Murder is bad enough, and is the only crime which we punish by capital punishment, but hanging would be too good for the vile wretch who surreptitiously administered to you a dose that would make you live for ever.

The Awfulness of Life Everlasting

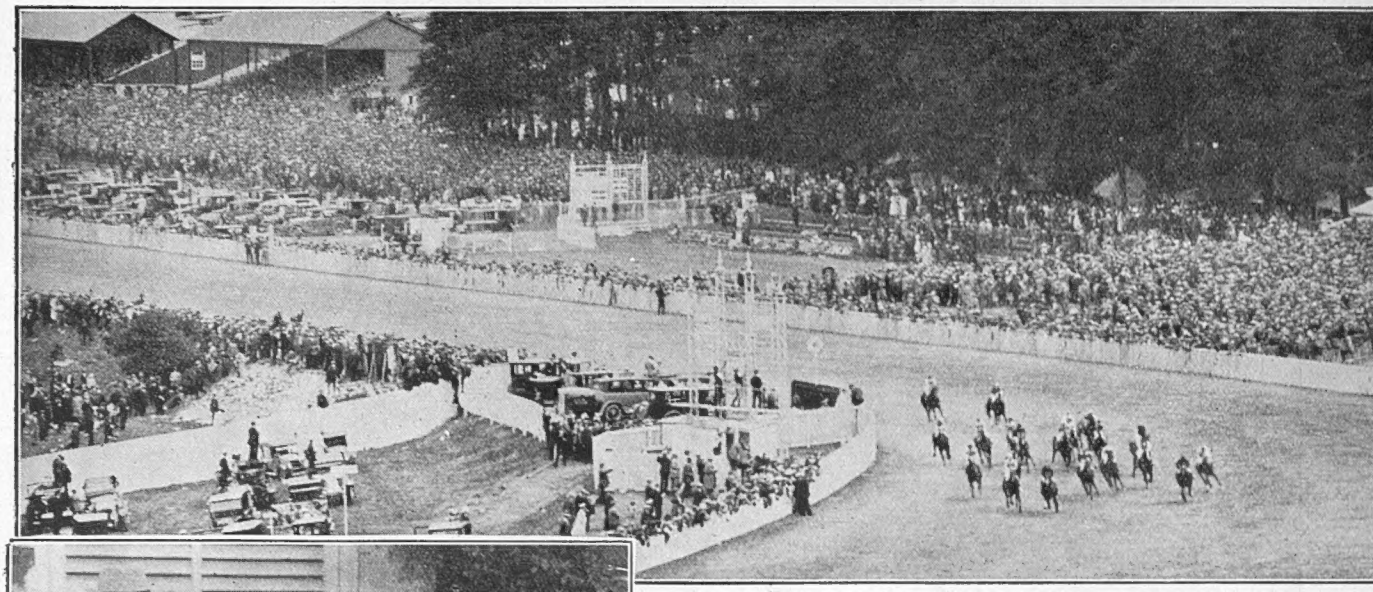
FROM the Wandering Jew downwards every story that tells of a man who cannot die insists upon the awfulness of his fate. The reason is obvious. We are already overcrowded—if we were all immortal there would soon be no room for more, and in self-defence we should have to see to it that there should be no more. And that means that in a few years there would be no more youth. Think of a country without youth! These biologists must be watched.

Blixes and Mends; or—



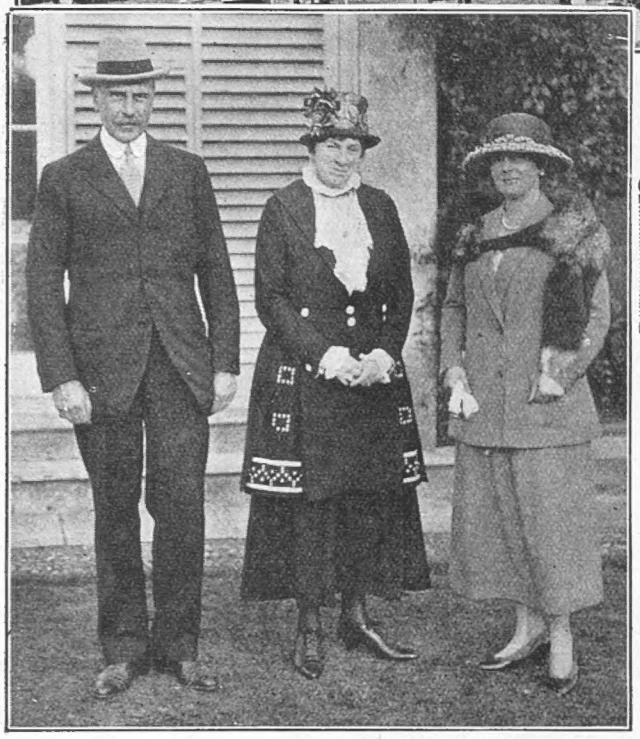
BY E. T. REED

—Physical Spoonerisms. No. 3



FINISH OF THE STEWARDS' CUP AT GOODWOOD

Service Kit, who won the Stewards' Cup at long odds, caused a sensation at this most delightful of all race meetings last week. It is owned by a prominent bookmaker, Mr. Baylis, and was a veritable "dark horse"



Photograph *Central News*

POLO TOURNAMENT AT COWDRAY PARK

During Goodwood week polo was frequently played at Cowdray Park, the Hon. Harold Pearson's place at Midhurst, before and after the day's racing. The Earl of Athlone with Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, and the Countess of Athlone, on the extreme right

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Shawms and Trumpets

THE season which opened with so much promise of gaiety and brilliance and was nearly done to death by the coal strike, has ended with shawms and trumpets. The Garden Party provided the shawms; Goodwood the trumpets. So the great world can now depart from Cowes to Scotland, to spas and watering-places with the happy reflection that the glories of late July have dispelled the gloom of May and June.

Despite the croakings of the pessimists, things are slowly returning to the normal. You can go to France or Belgium now without the feeling that you are being treated as a Bolshevist emissary disguised as an honest citizen, and you can take a journey by train without going several times beforehand to the terminus to enquire if any trains are running at all. Another sign of happy change was the number of house-parties gathered for Goodwood.

The Royal party at Goodwood House was practically a bachelor one, as the Queen was not there, the Duchess of Northumberland doing hostess for her father, the Duke of Richmond, with her niece, Miss Cotterell, to keep her company. Amongst the party were those pillars of the Turf, Lord Coventry, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Durham, and Lord Marcus Beresford, with the Marquis de Soveral to supply wit and amusing reminiscences. Lord and Lady March had a gathering at Molecomb, where the present Duke of Richmond used to entertain when he himself was heir to the dukedom; and at beautiful Parham, which, alas! is in the market, Lady Zouche had, perhaps, her last Goodwood party. The Duchess of Newcastle and Lady Headfort stayed at Knepp Castle with Sir Merrik and Lady Burrell. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were with Lady Edward Churchill at Capron House.

Polo and Racing

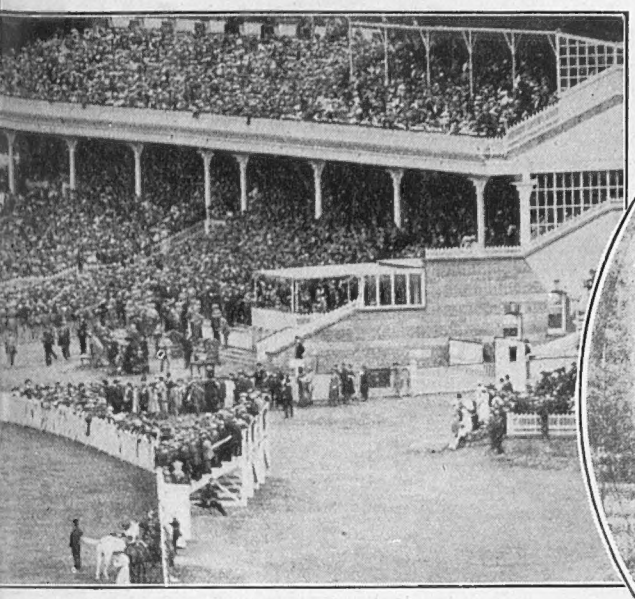
BUT probably the most interesting party was at Cowdray Park, where Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearson had a polo-party, including such enthusiasts as Lord Wodehouse, Lord Dalmeny, and Mr. Buckmaster. The polo-ground at Cowdray was famous before the War. It was laid out by Lord and Lady Cowdray soon after they bought the famous property of the Egremonts at Midhurst, and great gatherings were held there. This year, as before the War, they played polo at Cowdray in the morning before going over to Goodwood for racing in the afternoon.

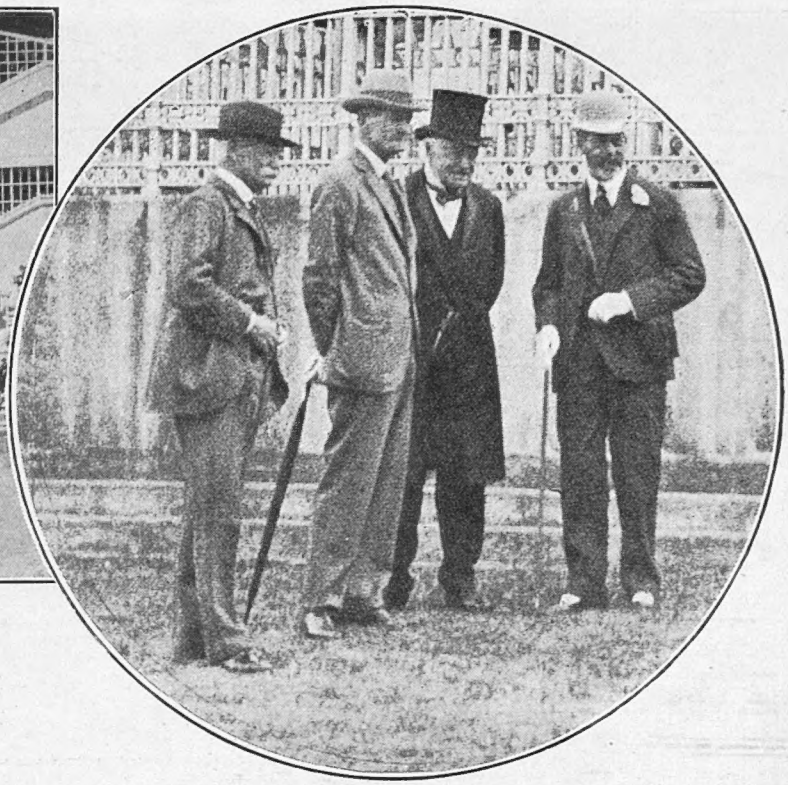
Before he bought Cowdray Park, Lord Cowdray lived at Paddockhurst, near Worth, a big house which formerly belonged to the Whitehead of torpedo fame. Paddockhurst has a tradition in entertaining. In the late Mr. Whitehead's time, his daughter, Countess Hozos, gathered some of the most interesting people in London for week-end parties. As Lady Pearson, Lady Cowdray continued the tradition, but in a Paddockhurst which was scarcely recognisable, so much had she and her husband improved and embellished the place.

When they moved to the not-so-far-away Cowdray, Paddockhurst was handed over to their eldest son, Mr. Harold Pearson, who married a daughter of Lady Edward Churchill, but now Lord and Lady Cowdray have returned to Paddockhurst, and have installed their son and his wife at Cowdray Park.

Cowdray and Its Curse

COWDRAY is one of the houses with a curse upon it, but as the curse was fulfilled over a century ago and





Photograph HIS MAJESTY AT GOODWOOD *[Central News*

The King, in a grey bowler, Guards' tie, and brown suit, chatting with the Earl of Durham, the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Coventry

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND

Who, as usual, acted as hostess to the King at Goodwood House, with her eldest son, Lord Percy, aged nine

nothing has happened since it would seem that it has " worked itself out."

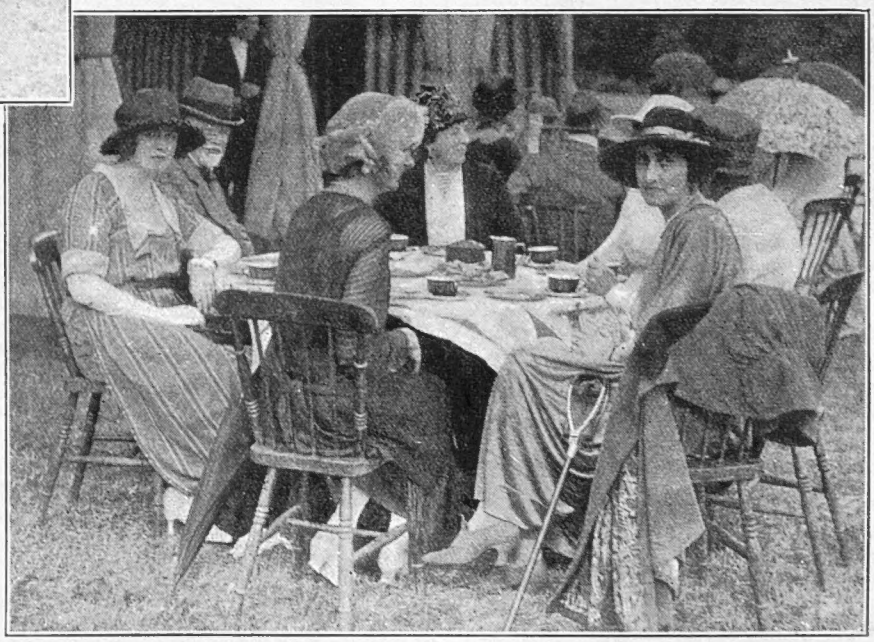
Cowdray was originally Church property, and was given to Sir Anthony Browne by King Henry VIII. In the approved fashion of the time a curse was " laid " by the despoiled owners—in this case " fire and water " were to end both the house and the line of its new tenants. It took some two centuries and a half for the curse to " work."

The last descendant of Sir Anthony Browne was drowned in the Falls of Schaffhausen, and Cowdray House was practically burnt to the ground. The story goes that the courier from Switzerland bringing the news of the young man's death crossed the courier at Calais who was carrying the tidings to him of the destruction of his house.

The present Cowdray Park is a modern house standing on a height above the magnificent ruins of the burnt Tudor palace, which Lord Cowdray has preserved and restored wherever possible with great care and skill.

Gaieties in Scotland

SOME folks are wagging their heads over the prospects of the grouse season, and certainly if this heat goes on it looks as if moor fires will settle the question in some places. Small shoots have been snapped up everywhere. Larger ones still await tenants, and, I fear, will wait. The great feature this year will be the Highland gatherings. Inverness, of course, takes the lead, and it is hoped that the Prince of Wales will be present, as he will probably be staying with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin about that time.



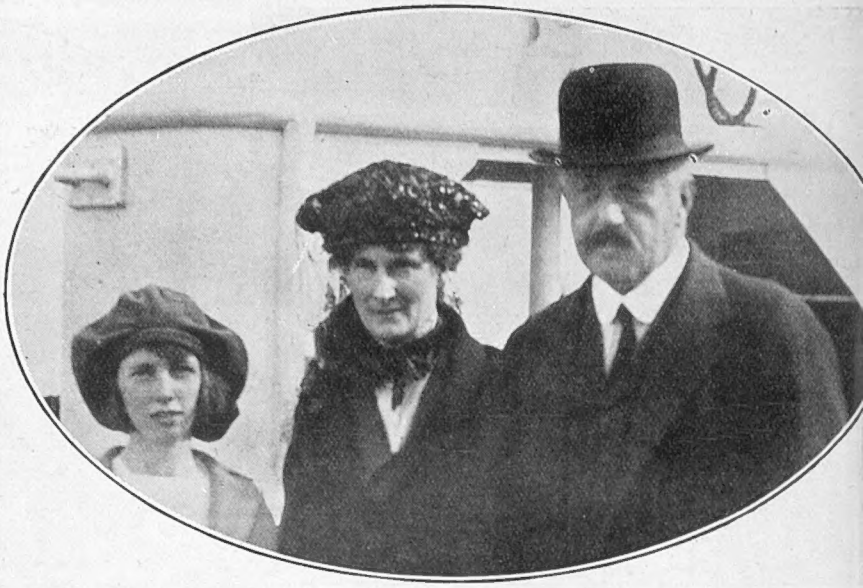
Photograph] TEA BEFORE POLO *[Central News*

At Cowdray Park, before the evening game of polo during Goodwood week. In the group, from left to right, can be seen: the Countess of Wilton, Lord Aberdare, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson and Miss Joan Astley

Photograph *L. N. A.*

WEDDING OF THE WEEK

The Hon. Dorothy Annesley and Mr. Joseph Francis Vaughan Gibbs, leaving Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, last week after their marriage. The bride is the youngest daughter of Lord Valentia, and Mr. Vaughan Gibbs, the second son of the late Rev. George Henry Gibbs, Rector of Hulton in Somerset



Photograph] **RETURN OF CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL** *[Central News*

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire met by their daughter, Lady Ann Cavendish, at Liverpool on their return from Canada. Lord Byng of Vimy becomes Governor-General in his stead

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MRS. CHARLES BARTLETT

The wife of the Joint Organising Secretary to St. Dunstan's, Major Charles Bartlett. She is playing the name part in "Lady Frederick" for "The Old Stagers" during Canterbury week

All the Scottish Dukes will be in residence—the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Langholm Lodge, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe at Floors Castle, and the Duke and Duchess of Atholl at Blair Castle. Unfortunately the Atholl gathering will not be held this year, but Lord and Lady Ancaster will be at Drummond Castle for the Crieff gathering, for which is promised a renewal of its pre-War glories.

The Scottish season really opened last week with the Perth Hunt races, which were revived last year for the first time since the War. This year, I am told, there are not nearly so many Americans as usual taking Scottish shootings or houses.

By "The Tout"

THE DUKE OF LEEDS

Who, as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, this week is certain to be having a busy time

Prohibition — Restriction — and the Result

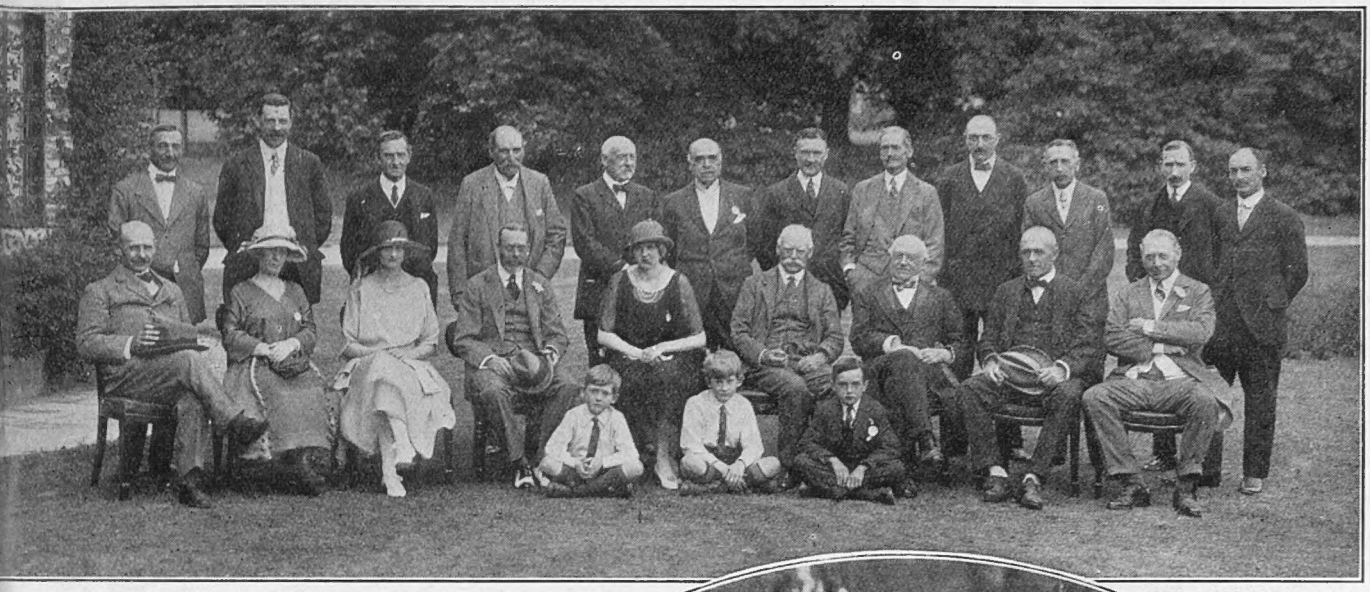
For my own part I did not believe the complaints made in many quarters that the licensing rules and regulations had kept people away from London, and that Americans and others had fled away from us to Paris and elsewhere abroad because they could not have drink with their supper after the play, or drinks after the old-maidenly and decorous hour of ten pip emma.

But a little trip to Dieppe showed me I was wrong. In the hotel at which I stayed there were four Americans, a Roumanian, and a—well, he *said* he was an Alsatian. I thought otherwise. These six men had all departed from London in dudgeon because, as one of the Americans put it, "London makes you feel somehow as if you were doing wrong to go to bed without kissing your mammie. It sorter makes you look around for your pap bowl!"

On the other hand, I'm sure the restrictions haven't had any effect on the Americans and other foreigners who really matter. When all is said and done, supping after the play in restaurants is a small part in the programme of the large majority of foreigners, tiresome and stupid as the restrictions have been. What one can call the floating population of hotels and restaurants have been badly hampered, and it was to that section of the community my six foreigners belonged.

When another of the Americans was lashing out with all fours against our drinking rules and regulations I could not help murmuring the word "Prohibition!" or refrain from a hint that a very black American kettle was railing against a piebald British pot.

"Yes, I guess we have got Prohibition," was the answer, "*tee-to-tel*



Photograph *Russel, London*

THE KING AT GOODWOOD HOUSE

A group taken at the beautiful residence of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood last week. Standing in the back row, from left to right: Gen. G. F. Trotter, the Earl of Jersey, Capt. Sir Bryan Godfrey Faussett, Earl of Enniskillen, Lord Marcus Beresford, Marquis de Soveral, Col. Clive Wigram, Earl of Durham, Mr. Leonard Brassey, Hon. Richard Molyneux, Duke of Northumberland, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox. Sitting (front row): Earl of Cavan, Miss Cotterell, H.M. The King, The Duchess of Northumberland, Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Cholmondeley, Earl of Lonsdale. On the ground: Lord Hugh Percy and Earl Percy, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Raymond A.C. Gordon-Lennox, son of Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox

Prohibition! But in New York you can always get the stuff if you know where to go. In London there ain't any place to go that anybody knows of, so we've made a bee-line for France."

It is odd, when you come to think of it, that one result of the War against "tyranny" has been that millions of people in the United States and in this country have been, in the one case, wholly, and in the other case partially, deprived of the citizen's liberty to drink alcohol when they choose because a few thousands drank too much.

Is anybody laying down wine nowadays? I doubt if any cellar gets a single bottle.

A Pleasing Tale

Soon after the armistice was proclaimed in Ireland a young British officer in Dublin, taking advantage of the happy interlude, arrayed himself in the joys of mufti, the said joys including immaculate white spats. As he walked down the street revelling in the unaccustomed *incognito* of "civvies," he met a little newspaper boy.

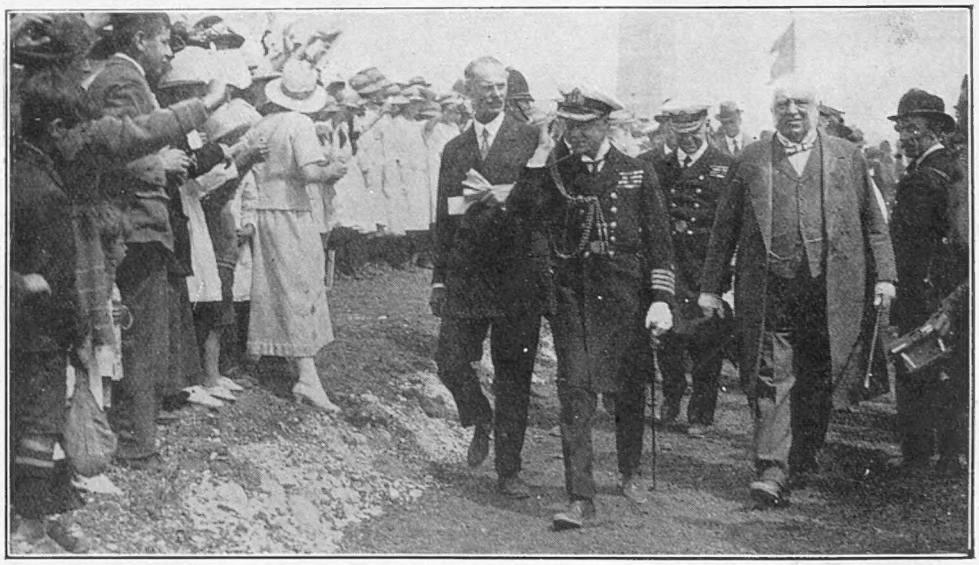
The boy looked at the officer's feet, stopped, and stared. Then, hurrying after the wearer of the spats, he touched him upon the arm and said:

"Begging your pardon, sir, but there's the least little bit in the world of your honour's pants showing at the bottom of your honour's trousers!"

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

PRINCESS MARY AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

With Lady Baden-Powell she is seen inspecting the Girl Guides before presenting the prizes to the girls of St. Paul's School, Hammersmith



Photograph] *[Topical Press*

AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE DOVER PATROL MEMORIAL

The Prince of Wales leaving St Margaret's after the unveiling of the granite obelisk erected at Leathercote's Point to the memory of the men of the Dover Patrol who gave their lives in the War. Exactly opposite this spot France has erected a similar tribute at Cape Blanc Nez, near Calais

Mother and Son

Photograph *Lassalle*

THE HON. MRS. ERIC LONG

With her little son, Basil. Mrs. Long is the wife of the Hon. Richard Eric Onslow Long, second son of Viscount Long, late First Lord of the Admiralty

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA, *August* 1

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT a week of memories this is! Officially, they tell us, it's to be the "end of the War" on August 4—next Thursday as ever is. Did think, some of us, didn't we, that it had finished nearly three years ago? But that's another matter.

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BESIDES, seems to be plenty of wars going on still, not to mention rumours of wars. What with Tino triumphing about Greek victories over the Turks and talking of a march on Constantinople, and Mesopotamia worries, and troubles in Silesia—doesn't appear as if all of us, anyway, had quite finished with it yet. And "I cannot help thinking that war is not at an end," said Mr. Massey, the Colonial Premier, only a day or two ago. Good thing, p'raps, that we *have* made up our minds to go on building big ships after all, spite of all the protests of the Little England and pacifist and economist crowd.

"And after, one may sit on the verandah in suitable company"

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BUT, official or not official, whether war's really "ended" or no, how memories do cluster round that momentous and never-to-be-forgotten date of August the Fourth! Memories sad and memories proud, tragic memories and triumphant. Thoughts of the million loved ones, the gallant men whom that fatal war-date doomed to suffering and death. And thoughts, too, of the glorious deeds to which it gave birth, and endurances perhaps even braver than deeds.

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REAL summer it was, that August of 1914—summer weather hot and bright and blue, just like what we've just been enjoying here in England now . . . or some of us, I'm afraid, grousing about. Keep praying for glorious sunshine all the time and for the rain to stay away and come another day, don't we? and then when we do get at last what we cried out for—

> Water without wave or ripple,
> Sunshine deep and clear and heavy,
> Sunshine like a booming bell
> Made of purest golden metal—

we straightway start complaining about heat and drought and dust and fruit shortage and all the rest of it, and putting in entirely new supplications for rain and coolness and . . . well, all the things we don't happen at the moment to have got.

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MERELY human, though, that, isn't it? And anyway, here-by-the-sea we've not made any complaints yet, thank you, even when the thermometer's been at its very highest. Been quite a pleasure, in fact, only I fear rather a malicious one, to read in our papers (brought by antique push-bike from the neighbouring village) about "roasting London" and "all heat records broken at Hampstead," and so on. All worries, on the cont., being centred on fears that the anxiously examined barometer may possibly have dropped a point during the night, or apprehensions that the clearness with which we can see the French coast across the deep green and blue waves may mean a break in the weather before many hours have passed.

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ONE does get so thoroughly and utterly immoral at these holiday times — and August, after all, is *the* holiday month *par excellence*, isn't it? The fate of Ireland, or Europe, may be hanging in the balance, the crops being ruined and prices going up, but does anything really matter except that we shall get our three bathes a day and our game of lawn tennis or golf, and our meals as we like them, and a dance

"Our papers brought by antique push-bike from the neighbouring village"

afterwards with the right partner, and that the weather (most indispensable ingredient of all) shall be just about as sunny and droughty and (according to mere town pessimists) thoroughly insanitary as it possible could be?

THE answer, need I say? is in the negative. After all, these are far more important things than any mere world-crises, whatever any mere politicians or leader-writers or other fussy official and officious people may say. What does the off-chance of another world-war matter with the very real danger that the tide may be too low for us to get in our before-breakfast bathe? How infinitely more interesting than any old international complication is the burning question of whether there are sausages for breakfast, or if the peas and potatoes will be ready by the time we come back from that glorious walk, with the sun on our faces and the wind at our backs, over the lovely springy turf of the cliff!

"Where they are gambling again"

NOT sure I don't love these cliffs of England most of all, and not only for the memories that I've spoken to you about before—though they alone would make them something to be specially cherished, particularly in this anniversary week of the start of the War in which they were to become such a longed-for Mecca to all our brave men overseas. They are so soft and quiet and yet so alive, such an embodiment of the real peace which is so different from stagnation.

"M.P.'s, some of 'em, I don't mind betting, will get off in time for the Twelfth next week"

FAR above is the blue sky, far below is the sea that you know is ever restless, relentless, terrifying, and yet you cannot hear a sound of its eternal beat, beat against the shingle and the rocks. Right out it stretches to the coast of France like a rich cool carpet, though you know that really it is full of depths and currents and dangers. And as you walk noiselessly along that other carpet of soft, elastic turf—

> In misty blue the lark is heard
> Above the silent homes of men.

AND so home, with the sun paler and the wind a shade more on the chilly side, watching the deeper, darker colours of the sea—

> . . . . . Kiss't
> By the evening's amethyst.

And then, after these ethereal joys, to the quite entirely earthy pleasure of now thoroughly cooked potatoes and peas (with accompaniments), which are every bit as much appreciated, *je vous assure*, as the most divine and glorious sunset that ever was.

AND afterwards afterwards one may, of course, sit (in suitable company) on the verandah of the cottage just on the edge of the sea, at peace with all the world, gazing at the wonderful pathway of the moon over the waters, and . . . and all that sort of thing. Or dance, in the hotel dining-room, perhaps (only the manager is rather terrified of next-morning protests from his very independent staff), or on a lantern-lit lawn, where the gentle strains of a (soft-needled) gramophone can just be heard above the soft murmur of a dark and mysterious sea. . . .

THE sea, of course, is altogether the mode this week. For with the season over, and even the Russian Ballet's much lengthened show at an end, all of London that follows the social programme has betaken itself to Cowes, though for those who stay there are still plenty of theatres going, at any rate. Slumps may come and slumps may go, but the theatre season seems to go on, these days, for ever, even if most of the stars *are* "resting" at Deauville, or Evian, or wooded Spa, or staring-white-Ostend (where they're gambling again, after all), or even in the (rather sophisticated) wilds of Cornwall.

THE faithful Commons, too, haven't deserted London quite yet, though some of 'em will manage, *somehow*, I don't mind betting, to get off in time for the Twelfth next week—even if they do have to do it rather *sub rosa*. But constituents are a guileless and trustful race on the whole, after all, aren't they, what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

A Pretty Bride-elect

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS HILDA DE BUNSEN

The eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, Bt., P.C., G.C.M.G., former British Ambassador at Vienna, and Lady de Bunsen, whose marriage to Captain Guy Yerburgh, O.B.E., Irish Guards, takes place in the very near future. Captain Yerburgh is the second son of Mrs. Yerburgh, of Kensington Gore; and the late R. A. Yerburgh, M.P.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES

THE MARRIAGE-NOT

By Victor Hicks

Corns and Coronas

"It is wonderful," I said, thoughtfully, "how the spread of scientific knowledge has affected even our domestic comfort."

"Wonderful indeed!" agreed James, heartily. "I myself have been making some interesting and valuable experiments connected with the mixing of alcohol in certain proportions with aerated water."

"I was referring to mechanical science," I said, coldly.

"There, again, I am with you. A close observation of the common or boy's humming-top——"

"I have here," I went on, "an ingenious device which I purchased to-day. You will observe that it consists of a small nickel case, the parts of which are so hinged as to be adjustable to different positions. In it you place an old, discarded blade from your safety-razor, which may then be used for a number of purposes—a cigar-cutter, a pencil-sharpener, a safety corn-cutter, and so on."

"I see. Having dined sumptuously, you clip your Corona, readjust the machine, gracefully remove your sock, and cut the corn on your outside toe, carrying on a sprightly conversation with your guests meanwhile with easy aplomb."

One of the flaws in James' character is a tendency to cheap levity.

"Having sharpened your corn," I proceeded, "I mean, your pencil——"

"But look here," he interrupted; "the blade of a safety-razor won't stand much hard wear, and you can't afford to keep putting new ones in your gadget before they're worn out. I use mine for weeks."

"That," I replied, "is where I score. I have frequently explained that I never throw anything away——"

"Your collection of old gramophone needles is admittedly unrivalled in Europe," murmured James.

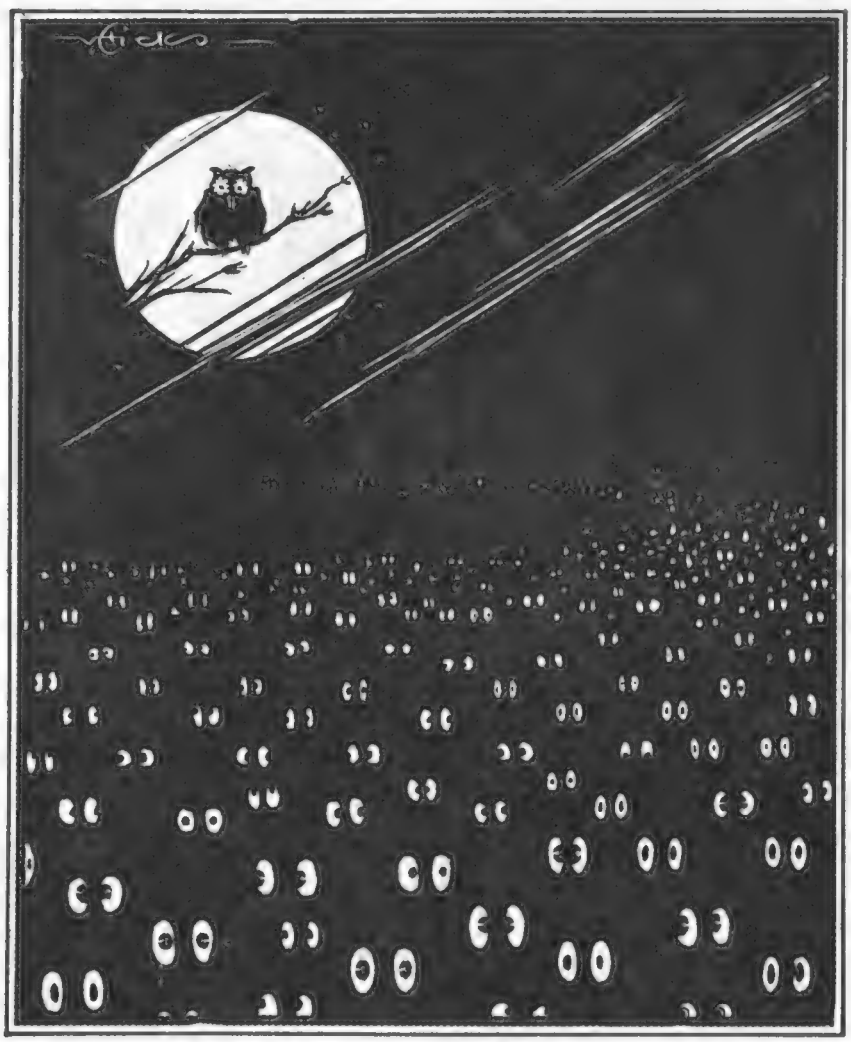
"For months past I have carefully preserved my old razor-blades, feeling sure that some day I should find a use for them."

"Holmes, this is wonderful——" James had begun, warmly, when my wife entered the room.

"I've been *so* busy," she said, cheerfully, taking a cigarette and curling up on the divan.

"A virtuous housewife is far above rubies," said James.

"I've been turning out your dressing-room, dear," Elinor went on. "It's ever so straight now, and I know you like to have things tidy. I've thrown away a heap of rubbish, and



THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By Victor Hicks

All the Southern Darkies go "Way Back Home to Dixie"

the dustman was delighted when I gave him a lot of horrid old razor-blades I found. He said he'd make them into potato-peelers—such a good idea, I thought. Why can't *you* do things like that, dear ? "

James drew a Corona from his pocket with a thoughtful smile.

" Can you lend me a cigar-cutter ? " he asked. F. D. G.

Simply "Byrony"

THE Australians came down like a wolf on the fold
To safeguard the "Ashes" and garner our gold,
Demanding short hours, and also a rest—
At least a whole day—on the eve of each Test.

Their batsmen, stout fellows, all merry and bright,
In Richmond and Durston and Parkin delight ;
They give each a welcome, whatever his pace,
And knock England's bowlers all over the place.

Their fielders are fit—they do not puff and blow
When they speed to the ropes, and they know how to throw ;
They LIKE saving runs, and have clearly been taught
That catches are things that are meant to be caught !

Their bowlers (the fast ones) produce shaky knees
And manifestations of "vertical breeze" ;
Or else Mailey googlies unfortunate loons—
When stumps have been drawn THEY are drawn in cartoons !

Like sheep to the slaughter our batsmen go forth—
A lot from the South and a few from the North !
They take " leg and middle " new laurels to earn—
The stumps are sent flying, and so . . . they return !

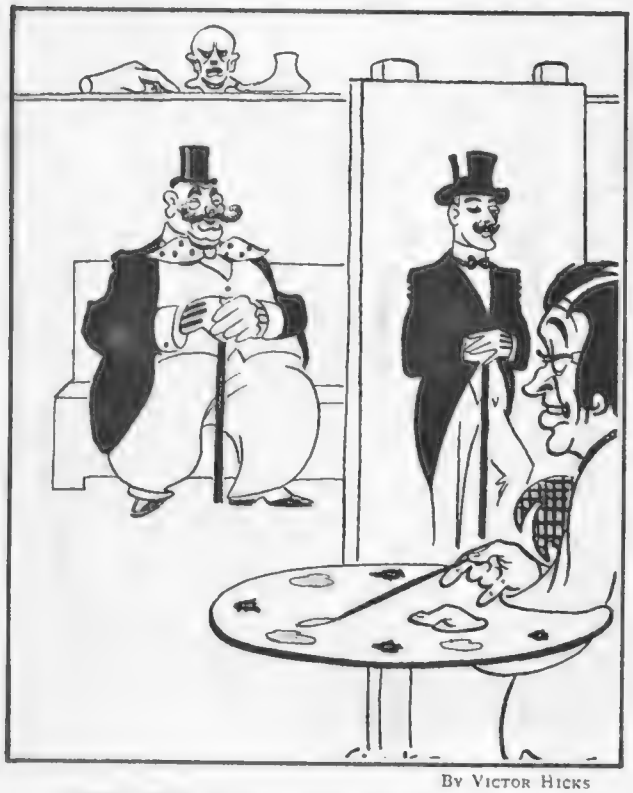
The Australians came down (see above) on the fold,
Our stars wouldn't twinkle their feet were too cold. . . .
Perhaps it's as well, as we realise now,
That SOME of our " ashes " were in *Chu Chin Chow !*

E. L. ROBERTS

BY FOUGASSE

NATIVE PRIDE

"Do I understand, sir, that you come from Glasgow?"
"I do—if ye're meaning it as a compliment"



BY VICTOR HICKS

THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF WEALTH

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"Removed by an accomplice"

THE WAYS OF THE SHARKESSES

MES AMIS—

IT has appeared that at the last the money does begin to make the way again to Montmartre. Not in the small amounts that have used to seem large in the days before the Great War has created the disproportions. Only the bearers of the big amounts can find the comforts on the hill-top nowadays. The others are compelled to impose the self-restriction and the need for self-restriction does take the whole of the fun out of an effort to procure the early-hour amusement in Montmartre.

WHAT has made it apparent that the wealth has recommenced to wander up the hillside is that the sharkesses have found it has become again profitable to manœuvre the traps. These have all sorts of differences in the detail. But they have all the similar basis. There is a kind of the trick of confidence. And there is as the principal factor the knowledge that the tourist visitor to the night-haunt of Montmartre has a dread that one shall know he has been mixed up in the trouble there. That is why he allows himself to be the easy victim. It is only when the plot is played on the old *habitué*, the visits of whom have become so rare that his features are unfamiliar, that it is exposed. This has already once or twice happened. But the variations are without the limit, and after a little spell the game is begun in a new way.

THEREFORE is it well that the visitor who shall come from across the Manche shall watch for what shall savour of the trap, and shall remove the bait before the machinery has been set to work. One of the favourite methods of the sharkesses has been to leave the valuables on the table which she has left while to dance with the stranger and then to accuse this dance-partner to have stolen them when it has been observed that they have disappeared at the end of the dance.

WHAT has happened as a fact is that they have been removed by an accomplice during that the bustle of the dance has made it possible to take them quite easily away without the risk of observation. If the dance-partner would have the courage to insist that the police shall be brought when such a charge has been made the game would be quickly up for the sharkesses. But it is usual to select the victims who have not the complete command of the French tongue. And it is most wonderful how the non-fluency in the language does take the courage out of the *plus fort homme*.

"Accused him of stealing her bag"

MOST of the tourists would far rather be exploited than feel themselves ridiculous in the public because that they cannot give exact expression to their sentiments in the native *langue*. The best thing, therefore, is to take the precautions of the advance; and when a *danseuse*—who may or may not be a sharkess—is seen to leave the *bijoux* or the *sac-à-main* to lie carelessly on a table, to advise her to place them in the *vestiare* if she feels they shall interfere with the freedom of the dance. Thus is all risk removed.

(Continued on page 234)

"Melisande"

Camera Portrait by *E. O. Hoppé*

A WATER NYMPH

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"If they had contented themselves with the *bals des rues*"

THERE has, it would seem, been the outbreak of the victims on all the sides. It is not much wonder that there are so many of the rogues when so many people appear so anxious to be the victims. Consider but the case of the people who wish constantly to be in touch with the spirits. They do really invite the victimisation by the clever persons who so easily persuade them that they have been in conversation with the shades of the great departed. They do seem to be afraid to cross-examine either the spirits or their conjurors as to whether they are really quite of the genuine.

THERE is one of these seekers after the association with the gone-bys who has made the complaint to the police about a medium who has for a time "incarnated" him into Robespierre, some of the saints and several Hindoos (who, he confesses, have exposed to him a most strange theory of Love). At the end of the time, he has alleged, he has not been as strong in the will as he was at the beginning, so he has been of the most intensely dissatisfied.

SOME of the spirit-searchers are really of the most difficult to please. One would have thought that after to have been Robespierre and a saint and to have learned a new and strange theory of Love, the most grasping of shadow-snatchers would be possessed of the spiritual content. *Pas du tout.* In the discovery of the spirits, he has declared, he has lost the power of the will. And before to know this medium, has he added, he has possessed the most powerful of the wills, having procured it by more than one hundred experiences of the hypnotism.

ONE must admit that the loss of a hundred-experience-power will of this sort is most serious. And great praise will be due to the *agent* of the quarter if he can recover it for the original owner. One will be prepared to give him all the possible assistance in the effort. Especially as it has not been the only one to disappear according to the Monsieur who has made the plaint. He has said that the Spirit Society has received the desolated confessions of many *jeunes gens du monde.* They make the charge that the *expériences d'ordre divin* which have been manufactured for them by the medium have been but the shabby tricks. And now they would seek to obtain the *revanche* by the most material aid of the police.

"Great praise if he can recover it"

BUT there are many of the *gens ordinaire*—not *du monde* who have not the tiniest bit of sympathy with the divine-experience seekers who have invited themselves to be the dupes. One has even been so brusque as to suggest that they would have run far less of the mental and the moral dangers if they had contented themselves with the *bals des rues.* There is much of the home-truth in this rebuke of the plebeian. But whether it will have the least result, *je m'en doute.* They are difficult people to open the eyes of, these meddlers in the mysterious. ROLAND

To Soft Music

HE (*teasingly*): "D'you know someone told me you had been divorced three times?"
SHE: "Flatterer"

"Once More on to the 'Boards'—Dear Friends"

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS LILY ELSIE

Whose return to the stage, it is said, will coincide with the discovery of a good comedy, for her ambition is to create some really effective "straight" parts. Miss Lily Elsie will always be remembered as the original Merry Widow at Daly's and afterwards as the Dollar Princess

AFTER DINNER

AT THE LYRIC.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

THERE are one or two points about this show that scarcely heighten its chances of success. To begin with, there is a lack of cohesion on the part of the members of the company. Except in the first and last scenes the star performers work independently of each other, so that the show becomes at its best only a superior sort of variety entertainment. Another defect of a more serious kind is that one or two of the items on the programme have already been seen in London, and with so much originality in rival shows of the same nature it is like tempting fate to offer second-hand goods. Nevertheless (and there are always two sides to a question, although the other chap never will admit the fact) the entertainment is clever and interesting throughout, and I enjoyed it immensely.

IN the first scene the leading artists are supposed to be assembled in Mr. Nat D. Ayer's flat, waiting for the manager, Mr. Ernest C. Rolls, to tell them just what he proposes to produce. And as the curtain is due to go up in about two hours' time, something in the way of a definite instruction would certainly seem to be about due. Presently a telegram arrives from Mr. Rolls, in which he regrets his inability to discover a clear plan of action, and begs that the artists will just go on and worry along by themselves, and keep the ball rolling as well as they can. Whereupon Mr. Harry Green tells a funny story that makes us all laugh very much, and the company escape in the confusion to their dressing-rooms, their retreat being agreeably covered by Miss Zelinda Davies, who comes before the curtain and sings with a fascinating charm.

(*Continued on page 24.*)

JUST MO

BY A. K. MACDONALD

ONSHINE

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (continued)

THEN Mr. Ayer, having no change of costume to make, and being readily available accordingly, obliges with "Songs, Old and New," to his own accompaniment on an expensive grand piano. His most remarkable effort is the song descriptive of the perfect qualities of a lady with whom he had fallen in love, and who was simply—wonderful. She was not too cold nor too—temperamental, and when, in the park, she sat lightly on his knee she was—wonderful! It is a highly amusing piece of nonsense rendered with perfect delicacy and taste, and an art of rare excellence. Another song Mr. Ayer gave us was called "Linger a Little Longer," which is, perhaps, reminiscent of the famous "Linger longer, Lucy," of the brave old days of the Gaiety. After this we had Mr. George Graves with his broader, but no less welcome, humour. "Wanted, a Flat," has, I believe, already been seen in London, though it was quite new to me. Mr. Graves' rich, fruity fun is seen to great advantage in the sketch, which contains one good laugh to every ten seconds, or thereabouts. There is, however, one detail of the show that is hardly, I think, up to West End standards. A lady looking over a flat is overcome with faintness, and Mr. Graves, with commendable resourcefulness, at once puts the door-key down her back. When in due course it is required in order to let the visitors out of the flat a long piece of cane is thrust down the lady's back by way of probing for the key. This sort of thing, however, is really not done nowadays, and I expect that by this time the management have thought better of it. Mr. Graves is too able an artist to need to get his laughs by such violent methods.

THE next turn is conducted personally by Miss Daphne Pollard, who certainly does not spare herself in her effort to be overwhelmingly funny. Two of her songs, "Cleopatra" and "Wanted, a Man," originally formed part, I think, of a Hippodrome revue, and though they are as welcome as ever, it has to be noted that they are not new to this new entertainment. Still, they went with all the old swing, and the only embarrassing feature of the performance was the number of encores demanded. Miss Pollard has very rightly a wide circle of admirers. As a singer of humorous songs she is incomparable, and in her very eccentric dancing she does not hesitate to emphasise the infra-dorsal amplitude with which she is endowed. Her eccentric song-and-dance, "I'm a Rag-Time Germ," is quite an amazing whirl of laughable nonsense, which could hardly be beaten for sheer cleverness.

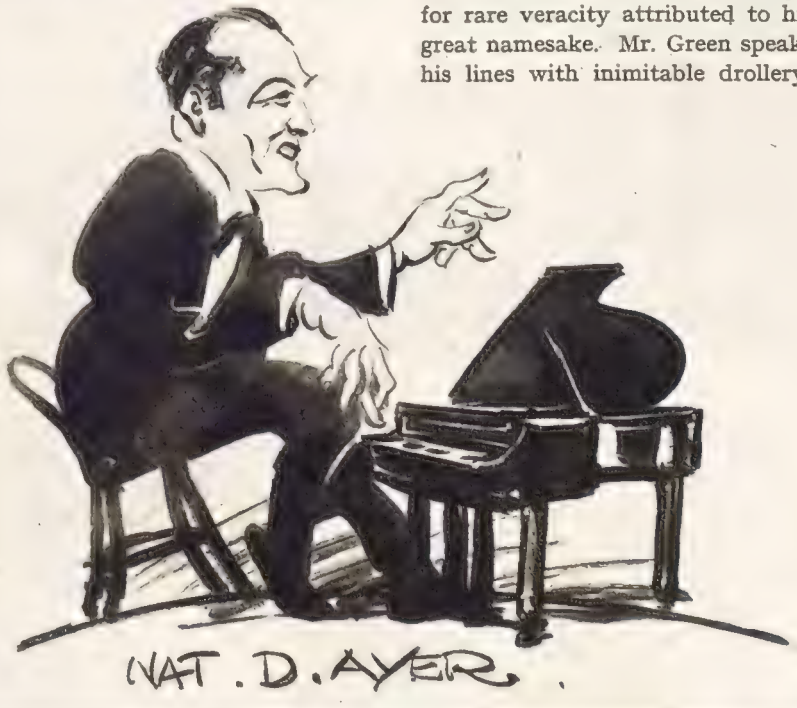
ANOTHER of the successful ladies is Miss Jennie Benson, who was so enthusiastically received that she had to end by apologising for her inability to give further encores. Miss Benson is, of course, an artist to her finger-tips, and her studies of character are interesting and realistic to a degree. As a sportive "Ma'mselle" she keeps the house in a continuous ripple of laughter, while her imitations of leading artists singing their most famous songs are of a very high order of excellence indeed. Miss Benson gives four or five "turns"

in the course of her scene, which is quite a noteworthy section of the main entertainment. It was no easy matter for Mr. Milton Hayes to follow a lady of such tremendous popularity, but he very soon proved that his confidence in himself was

justified. His first effort is a little speech of the hesitating kind that imperfect orators are wont to indulge in. I do not remember to have heard a more amusing effort of the kind. It kept us all in roars of laughter, and was nothing more than a disjointed string of inconsequential nothings that set out bravely for a long-distance effort of oratory and never got anywhere. He spoke for about ten minutes, and never said anything at all, which is a feat of futility that could not, I take it, be easily rivalled. Mr. Hayes' other contributions consist of a couple of recitations, which, while excellent examples of their kind, are, perhaps, hardly fullbodied enough for a London night's entertainment. Both Mr. Hayes and Mr. Ayer, by the way, are treated to a descriptive note on the programme, recording a few of their past successes. But when we meet old favourites in the theatre we are not so much concerned with what they did last time as with what they are going to do right here and now.

DAPHNE POLLARD IN "WANTED, A MAN"

MR. HARRY GREEN is an artist who is new to me; but I hope to meet him again soon. In a laughable sketch called "The Cherry Tree" he is introduced as George Washington Cohen, a benevolent Hebrew with all the affection for rare veracity attributed to his great namesake. Mr. Green speaks his lines with inimitable drollery, and his make-up as the typical Jew of the comic papers is a very happy conceit. The concluding item, in which the entire company appears, is an ambitious effort to form an idea of the "Millionth and Last Performance of *Chu Chin Chow*," the long-anticipated decease of which has now regrettably occurred. The humour of this is, perhaps, a little thin, but Mr. George Graves as an auctioneer may confidently be expected to work his own brand of fun into his part in due course. Indeed, probably by the time these lines appear the playful burlesque will be a strong feature of the entertainment. In any case, Miss Daphne Pollard as the slave, "Buttermilk," is a triumph of drollery and must be seen to be believed. It must be added that on the evening of my visit the entertainment as a whole was received with tremendous enthusiasm, and I trust that it will meet with a gratifying measure of success. It seems the ideal form of amusement for evenings following the dog days, since an entertainment can hardly be too light in the kind of weather we have lately experienced.

JINGLE

FEMINA

MRS. FERNIE

Who is directing Maison Fifinella, which in the Palm Court of the Hotel Cecil last week held a display of exclusive models for Goodwood, Cowes and Ostende. Mrs. Fernie has inaugurated a scholarship for East End girls of the Dockland Settlement, Canning Town, the winner receiving a year's tuition in Fifinella's workrooms at a guaranteed and regular salary. Princess Helena Victoria is herself interested in this scheme

THE CHIMNEY-PIECE

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THE chimney-piece is not what it was. At one time it was almost literally a room—a great deep recess with the massive beams above holding up the hood or projecting piece which caught the smoke, so that the family could gather round the open hearth under its shelter. The biggest chimney-piece—it is in an old building in Poitiers—is thirty feet wide with a great window above it. In the days when chimney-pieces were so huge, they were naturally the most important part of a room, the part which the decorator would feel it best worth while to make beautiful. They are not so large nor so important now-a-days, but they are still the centre of the room, and that is why it is such a pity that there are far more ugly than beautiful chimney-pieces to be seen in English houses.

THE modern builder and the modern householder are both at fault, but the chief blame is with the builder, for if the householder misuses his chimney-piece, the builder too often puts every temptation in his way by the manner in which he has misdesigned it for him. The chimney-piece is, quite simply, the frame-work to the opening for the fire-grate. That is what it ought to be, but consider how many other things the chimney-piece is allowed to become. It is the general "hold-all," in nearly every room.

THAT, of course, is the householder's fault, but the builder has made it possible by that still far too popular device, the overmantel, which is all shelves, pillars, and niches. There are two cardinal mistakes in these chimney-pieces. The first is that they are far too large and ornate for the comparatively small and plain rooms in which one finds them. The second mistake is that even if a large, richly

TWO CHARMING MODELS

Admirably suitable for Ostende, Le Touquet or any of our own fashionable sea resorts, which were exhibited by Maison Fifinella

IN THE

Two models of exclusive chic designs by Mme. Fifinella, and

decorated chimney-piece suited the room, they are without any real design. One has only to look at a carved chimney-piece by Inigo Jones, or one of the marble Adam chimney-pieces, which are still to be found in big London houses, to realise the difference between a chimney-piece which is a single and beautiful thing, and a chimney-piece which is a collection of niches, corners, and shelves.

BUT what we should aim at first in the chimney-pieces in most modern rooms, is simplicity. Certainly the Adam revival of twenty or thirty years ago, led to lighter and simpler chimney-pieces, after the heavy marble ones of Victorianism, although it led also to horrible attempts to imitate Adam designs cheaply in iron. Adam chimney-pieces are still things of which everyone feels it to be correct to speak reverently, although many people do not know them when they see them. It was only a year or two before the War that I discovered a genuine and very beautiful Adam chimney-piece in an out-house, where it had been put to make way for a modern chimney-piece of no beauty.

IT is the simplest examples of the Adam work that we need most to study—the chimney-pieces which are no more than the mantel-shelf and its two architraves, or side-pieces, with delicate figure designs, or garlands, or the Greek honeysuckle, or still simpler patterns. For these are the chimney-pieces that are best suited to the moderate-sized rooms of modern houses. M. V.

PARK
displayed in the Palm Court of the Hotel Cecil recently.

Photographs *Central News*

GOODWOOD CREATIONS

It would be hard to equal the allurement of these models, fascinating in conception and exceptionally becoming to the wearer; they give but a slight idea of Mme. Fifinella's genius for dress designing

In Merry Munich

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE Bavarians are after the Bystander in Occupation, and with some justice. 'On your own showing," writes the man who recommended Munich to him, 'you were in our city from Saturday until Monday, yet your article on 'Free Bavaria' mentions nothing but a few trifling police formalities. Why not admit why you really left in such a hurry?"

OAKLEY agrees that, in view of what happens in Munich to people whom the Muncheners do not like, as, for example, the late President Eisner, the late Herr Gareis, and several other unpopular people (all "late")—that in self-protection, even at the cost of some self-respect, truth must out.

IT may be admitted at once that, except for the activity of its gunmen and its police—courtesy demands the making of that rather fine distinction—Munich is an extremely pleasant place. It is free from smoke and dirt, its two only industries being brewing beer and consuming it. Permits to inspect the former process not being easy to obtain, and personal participation in the latter being open to anyone on production of 7-10ths of a penny for a pint of Kriegsbier and 2½*d.* for the same quantity of real sparkling Munich, THE BYSTANDER representatives naturally spent much of their time investigating the various branches of this important local occupation. It is mostly carried on in cellars, raw materials being brought to the tables by light-hearted "water-maidens," presumably so called by the thirsty students to remind them that another liquid besides "Munchener" *does* exist above ground to put under bridges and to wash in.

THE effects on the human figure of becoming a regular Munich cave-dweller suggest that, in common humanity, lifts and moving staircases should be installed to bring the frequenters to and from the light of day (as one of them pointed out, one has to come out sometimes, if only to get some more money). As may be imagined, Dr. Wirth and his beer tax are not much beloved amongst the Bavarians, and deep regret was expressed by some of them on learning that Mr. G. K. Chesterton's views on the Teutonic races ruled out any hope of getting him to accept the presidency.

"Mr. G. K. Chesterton's views on the Teutonic races"

THERE are two passwords to the inner cicle in Munich—one is a charming relic in Catholic Bavaria of a more devout age, and seems to fit in more with the Byzantine cupolas and domes of its older churches than with the very modern shops and streets where it is heard—"Gruss Gott"—the "Greeting in the name of God" which takes the place of "Good Morning" and "Vergelts Gott"—"May God repay you," which replaces prosaic "Thank you."

THE other is distinctly secular, and is the ceremonial precedent to indulgence in the great Munich occupation—"1—2—3—G'suffa," a war-like cry which may be interpreted as "One, two, three and down she goes."

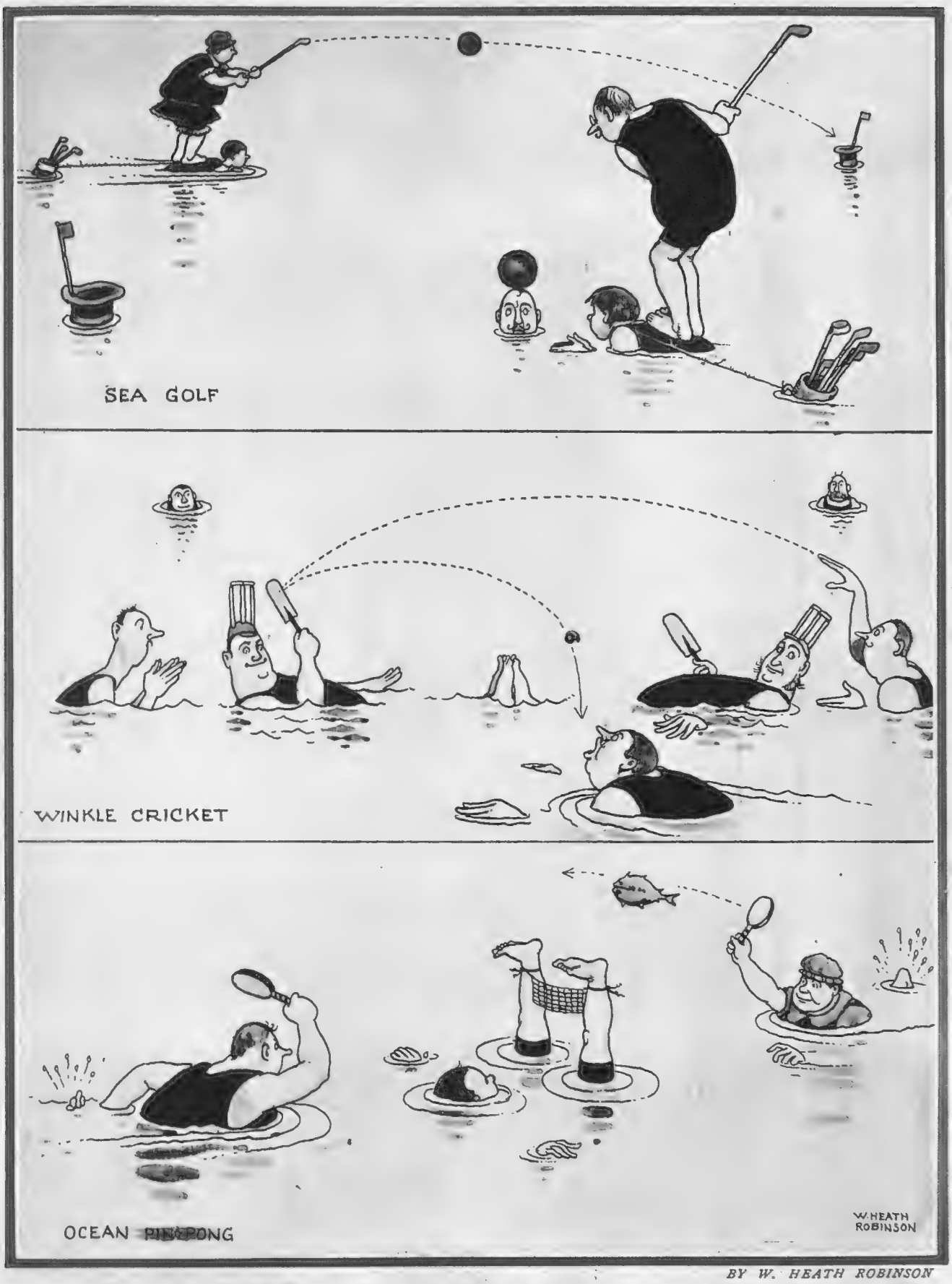
AS for mere amusements, there are at least two really smart *thé-dansant* establishments, several artistic and ultra-modern *cabarets*, art-galleries (as well as galleries of ultra-modern pictures), a luxurious Savoy Hotel with a very presentable *table d'hôte* dinner at eighteenpence, and a promenade by a fascinating river that rushes through the centre of the city like a Swiss or Italian mountain torrent. Considerable quiet amusement may also be derived from the country-women, whose national dress—in contrast to that of their rather picturesque menfolk—is probably the most hideous in Europe.

IT is only fair—and wise for people contemplating a return visit—to admit that, despite the cheapness of Munich, for foreigners, its attractions are so many and varied that the financial situation rendered an early departure from Bavaria's Beeropolis desirable. This quite apart from the absurd sternness of the Police President and the absurd attitude taken up by a certain "Type" in the famous cellar-restaurant, or the Ratskeller to Oakley's activities with a pair of scissors and black paper.

ERIC GORDON

"Bavarian Ladies" By H. L. OAKLEY

"Heathletics"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

SOME NEW WATER SPORTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Aerophanatics

AIR-"CRAFT"

This is Mr. Jersey Ringel amusing the inhabitants of Chatanooga, Tenn., by "defying gravitation," watching the wind go by while holding on with one hand, and hanging from his toes while the machine loops the loop. Mr. Ringel assures us he would like to do this "twice nightly," only his doctor forbids him as too much of it might not agree with his digestion. Once weekly is his limit

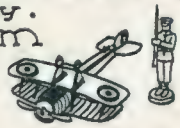
TALES of the PEACE-TIME R.A.F.

No. 7

"The Squadron's Boy"

By JAMES HENRY

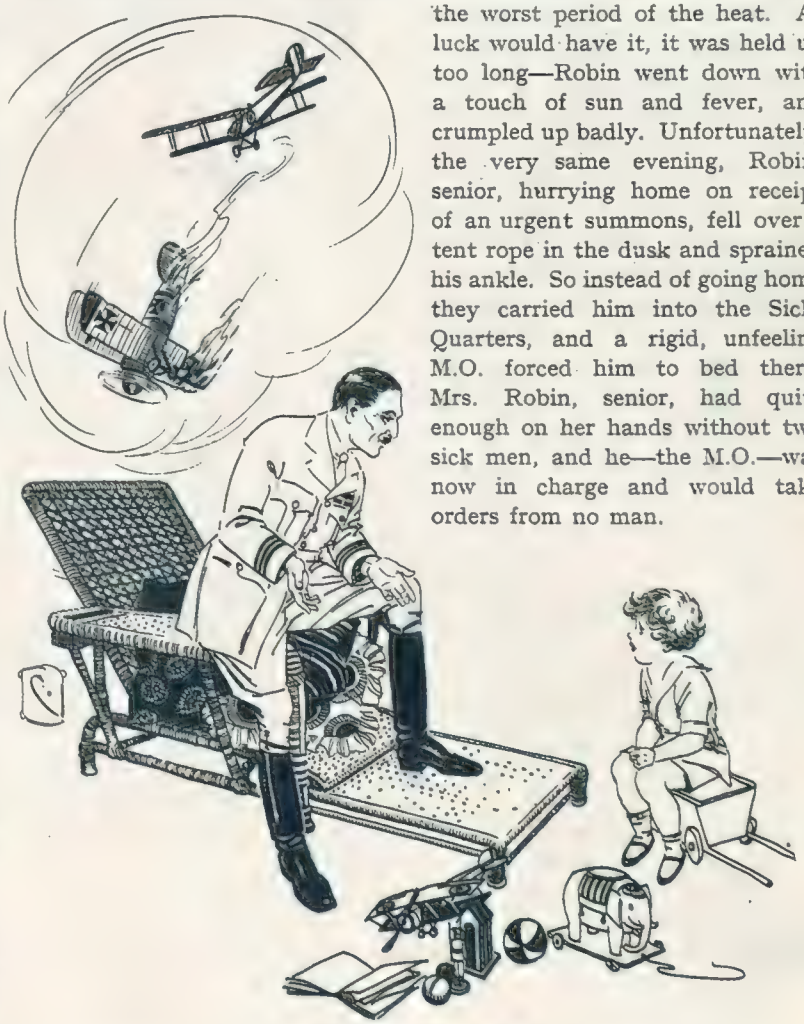
ILLUSTRATED BY Cuningham



ROBIN was born in the Squadron just after his father took over the Command, and all Robin's life had been spent within earshot of the hum of aero engines, the blare of trumpets and the tramp, tramp, tramp of men in R.A.F. uniforms.

Robin's pride in his Service came next only to pride in his father. He never cried if he hurt himself. At four, this is not so easy as it sounds. Robin typified the *Great Future* when we shall have proper traditions, precedents, and set-ways like the Older Forces. Yesterday almost was legend to Robin. Even the youngest F.O. felt a veteran as he told—blushingly be it said—some "really truly" story of the air to an ever-voracious hero-worshipper. Thus Robin did his bit—and if his presence in the hangars—having, with great art, slipped his ayah—held up work a little now and then, what matter? Every Squadron hadn't got a baby who could tell a B.R. 2 from a Liberty at first sight or who had told an Air-Commodore, who thought no small beer of himself, that Daddy and Corporal Housman were the greatest men in the world and all the rest of the Squadron next. So Robin was a power in the land and much beloved. Fortunately—due to a mother who was not above administering *put-put* to naughty boys—he was not a bit spoilt.

Now a Squadron-Leader's emoluments will by no means buy the earth, and it is sheer madness to get married thereon. Still, if one is over thirty and the girl has waited four long years for the step, one may be forgiven for thinking that love will return ninepence for fourpence. Anyway, Robin, senior, did. And he and Mrs. Robin, senior, were very happy in a quiet way. Also they thought very highly of Robin, junior, and regarded him as worth the expense. But came the approach of a hot season, when official entertaining, new necessary clothes and a few other details made it quite clear that Robin and his mother could only go to the hills for a very prescribed period, and Daddy could take no leave himself. So the holiday was held up to cover the worst period of the heat. As luck would have it, it was held up too long—Robin went down with a touch of sun and fever, and crumpled up badly. Unfortunately, the very same evening, Robin, senior, hurrying home on receipt of an urgent summons, fell over a tent rope in the dusk and sprained his ankle. So instead of going home they carried him into the Sick-Quarters, and a rigid, unfeeling M.O. forced him to bed there. Mrs. Robin, senior, had quite enough on her hands without two sick men, and he—the M.O.—was now in charge and would take orders from no man.



"A 'really truly' story of the air"

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (*concluded*)

So the Squadron-Leader lay and cursed the M.O. and his own impotence, and begged for news of his son, what-time the M.O. and Mrs. Robin senior bent over that little bed in the C.O.'s quarters and watched Robin fight his little fight with death. They could give him so little help. God has left so much unrevealed when illness comes to babies.

At half-past ten, Mrs. Robin senior crept away for half-an-hour to see her man, and left the M.O. alone.

And in the silence the M.O. heard for the first time shuffles and whispers outside—very subdued, but clear, in the hot, silent night. He moved over to one window and drew aside the wet-cloth that covered it.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

Challoner's voice—Challoner was Senior Flight Commander and a martinet—answered him.

"Oh—er—nothing, doc. Only—er—some of the—er—men were over here and I—er—thought I'd stroll across."

"Then stroll back," snapped the M.O., "and send those other fools away."

"But, doc," the voice was supplicating: "How's the kid?"

For a moment the doctor unbent—

"Bad, poor baby, bad," he said.

"A—a chance?"

"Oh, yes, a fighting chance—Never say die. And don't be a pack of old women."

"Nothing we can do, doc?" Entreaty again.

"No"—the doctor prepared to drop the cloth—"unless you can bring him some decent air to breath."

The shutters snapped to.

"Gawd! sir, can't we?" enquired Corporal Housman, tremulously, and, forgetting discipline, grabbed his superior by the arm. Whispering eagerly, he led him over the yielding dust of the parade-ground.

"No use, I'm afraid," said Challoner, at last; "probably kill him. But I'll ask if you like. Anyway rout out my fitter and get my machine ready. Run her up right over the farthest corner of the aerodrome, and don't make an unnecessary noise."

"No fear, sir"—and Corporal Housman, aged forty and a bit, fled like a two-year-old.

The M.O. leaving the C.O.'s quarters was stopped by Challoner, and the tale unfolded. He was not as sarcastic as might have been expected.

"Probably finish the brat altogether," he said. "But honest, Challoner, I'm afraid he's booked anyway. Last sporting chance anyway, if his father and mother will agree. Won't there be the hell of a row?"

"Blow that!" replied Challoner, tersely. "I'll chance it!"

"All right, if you'll take the responsibility I'll ask him," and the doctor entered the Sick Quarters.

Robin senior proved adamant.

"No, doctor," he replied, quietly determined. "I won't have it. I've run my show fair and square, and I won't disobey instructions now. Besides I couldn't do it for the men's kids or the soldiers', and I'm damned if I'll take what I can't give others. If fate's going to take my son——" he tailed away.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered.

"Don't be a fool," snapped the doctor. "Take the chance and talk ethics later."

"I absolutely forbid it, and—and don't make it harder, doc."

The Squadron-Leader turned his face to the wall.

The doctor snorted and went quietly across to his medicine-chest. He did not argue further but after a few moments turned to the bed.

"Here," he said, and as the Squadron-Leader lifted his face, forced a cloth—a hateful deep-odoured cloth, across Robin senior's nostrils; then, after a fighting pause, felt him relax. A needle pricked its way into Robin senior's arm. . . .

Whistling softly, the M.O. came forth.

"O.K., Challoner," he reported to the dim, waiting figure. "He approves your silly scheme, I'm to tell her it's his orders. Don't crash 'em in the end."

Ten minutes later a machine soared into the star-filled night, and headed North-East. In the back seat a distraught mother held, closely wrapped, the Squadron's hope. Up and up soared the machine till all sight and sound of her departed. . . :

It was noon the next day before a native postman appeared with a telegram. The M.O. tore it open with fingers that trembled in spite of himself. It came from the distant hills.

"Robin going strong AAA No casualties AAA Send me a new under-carriage AAA Tell that fool Housman the aerodrome he saw was a rice field AAA Hardly ideal but soft to fall on, ends CHALLONER."

Deliberately he handed it over to one of the Flight-Commanders.

"There'll be hell to pay," he said, "when that under-carriage has to be accounted for. What impetuous fools you chaps are."

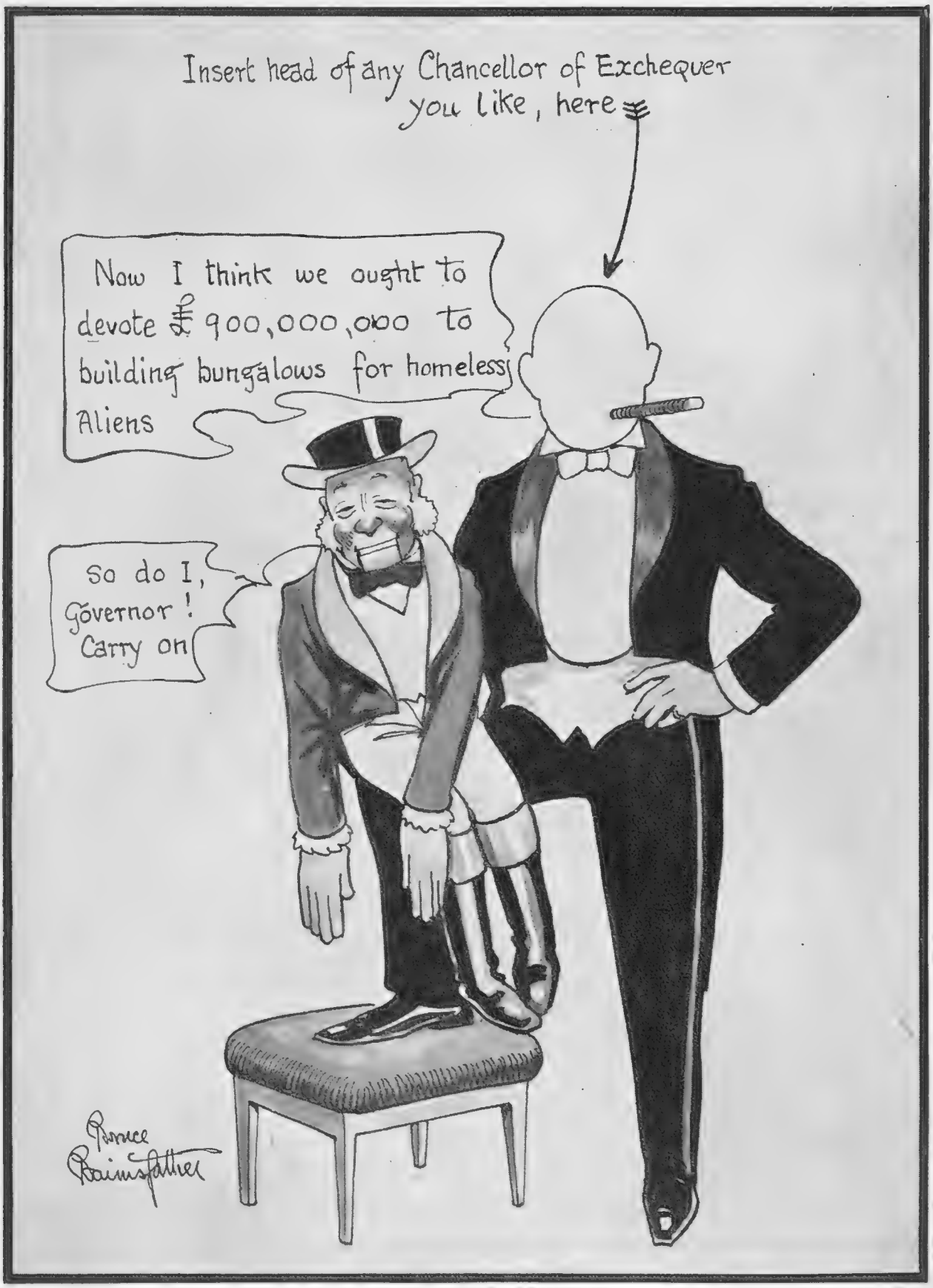
Amid the cheers that greeted the reading of the telegram to the rapidly assembled Squadron, a feelingless M.O. was explaining tersely to a newly awakened—and very sick—Squadron Leader, that he couldn't possibly put anyone under arrest in his present condition.

As a matter of fact he never did.

JAMES HENRY

"At half-past ten Mrs. Robin senior crept away to see her man"

Twice Nightly and Every Day



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE WORLD-FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIAL TURN "JOHN BULL"

Googlialities: By Arthur Mailey

THE ENGLISH TEAM

It was unfortunate that time and the weather conspired to wrest victory from our grasp in the Fourth Test. For once our players contrived to "keep their eye in" and their "tail up" with no small success. We have still one more chance of defeating the Australians, let us hope we make the best of it

Photograph *L. N. A.*

STONE-WALLS DO NOT A CENTURY MAKE!

For 4 hours 50 minutes Collins successfully withstood the onslaught of the English bowlers, eventually, however. Parkin dismissed him, l.b.w. Our photograph gives some idea of the close fielding during this stone-walling

Sports & Pastimes

ATHLETICS

The 'Varsities in America

THE result of the Harvard and Yale *v.* Oxford and Cambridge athletic contest has, doubtless, furnished good reading for those who are always on the look out for something which will enable them to shout aloud that English sport is down and out. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. We expect America, a country which has suffered comparatively little from the ravages of the War, to be top-dog in many branches of sport, possibly for several years to come, and the fact that our men can keep their end up as well as they do is, in reality, a thing of which we are entitled to feel proud.

A Batch of New Records

IN the encounter under notice the American 'Varsities beat the English by 8 events to 2, but the winning of every event entailed the doing of something exceptionally good, as is shown by the fact that one world's record and four Inter-'Varsity records were broken —two by our own men—in the course of the day. Moreover, our two new 'Varsity records were made in track events, the Quarter, run by Rudd in 49secs., and the Mile, run by Stallard in 4min. 20 2-5th secs., whereas their records were made in field events—the Long Jump, in which Gourdin, the Harvard negro, cleared 25ft. 3in. (a world's record), the High Jump (6ft. 3in. by Langdon, of Yale), and the Hammer (159ft. 3¾in., by Brown, of Harvard); in fact, they won all the field events, and it seems undoubted that the American is, somehow, more capable than the Englishman of that particular kind of "study" which field events call for. However, considering that we were none too lucky in the matter of casualties, and that the indefatigable Rudd had to turn out in three races in consequence, our men may be deemed to have done extraordinarily well.

CRICKET

A "Freak" Proposal

THERE are some people who are incapable of leaving well alone, and cricket is one of those games which they are continually proposing to reform. The latest quaint suggestion is that the bowler of a maiden over, or, rather, his side, should be "rewarded for the feat by something more tangible than the applause of the onlookers," and that this should be done by awarding a boundary hit, which is to be added, whenever a maiden over is bowled, to the score of the bowler's side. A rule to this effect, it is airily pointed out, would serve the double purpose of rewarding the bowler and stimulating the batsman to hit. It would also have one or two other rather curious consequences which the ingenious inventor of the proposed rule has probably not troubled to enquire into. It is, for instance, somewhat subversive of the ordinary canons of cricket that a bowler should be made capable of scoring runs, or that the side which is in the field should at the same time be proceeding with its last, or next, innings. In fact, you can, if you choose, spend quite an amusing quarter of an hour in visualising a few of the possibilities entailed by this freakish proposal. Fortunately those who fail to grasp the fundamental truth that there is nothing whatever the matter with cricket as a game are in a decided minority.

Photograph *Sport and General*

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER

"Jim" Barnes, who won the American Open Championship on the Chevy Chase course, Washington, is a native of Lelant, Cornwall

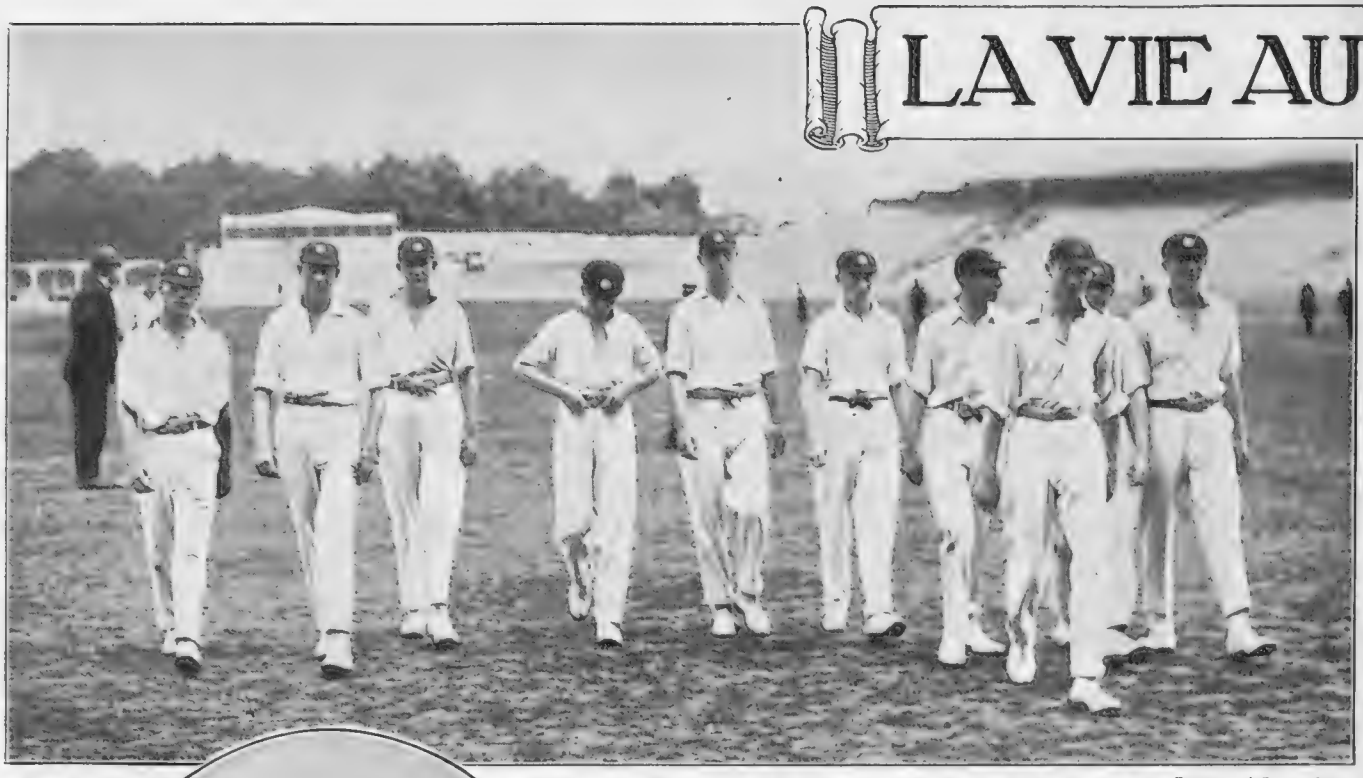
THE OLYMPIC GAMES CONTROVERSY

The A.R.A.'s Attitude

OF all governing bodies in sport the Amateur Rowing Association is about the staunchest upholder of amateurism. Some people aver that it errs on the side of strictness; but if it does, it errs, at any rate, on the right side. Its latest pronouncement on the subject of the Olympic Games is significant. It is, in effect, that the

(*Continued on page 254*)

LA VIE AU



Photograph *Sport and General*

LEAVING THE FIELD

The Clifton College eleven leaving the field for the luncheon interval on the first day's play at Lords last week, when they were defeated by Tonbridge by 141 runs

Photograph *Sport and General*

H.R.H. PLAYING AT HURLINGHAM

The Prince of Wales playing at No. 1 for Hurlingham against Belcaire recently, when the latter won by nine goals to five

WALTON-ON-THAMES

The extraordinary fine weather which has obtained this summer has been exceptbeating King's College Boat Club by over two lengths, have done very well. The in the foreground leaning slightly to

GRAND AIR

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE LINKS AT SANDWICH

A friendly foursome on the links at Princes Golf Club, Sandwich. From left to right can be seen: Capt. C. C. Craig, M.P., Mrs. Craig, Lord Armaghdale and Lord Evett

REGATTA

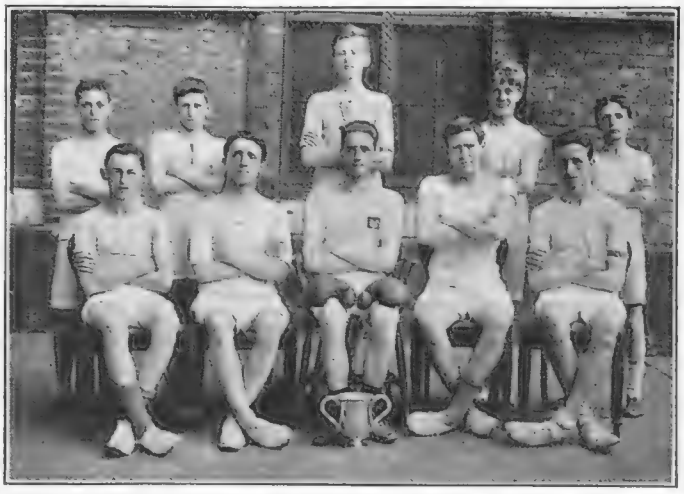
tionally good for regattas, at all of which Thames Rowing Club, who are here seen famous Cambridge oar and Thames coach, Mr. "Steve" Fairbairn, can be seen one side with his hand on his coat

TENNIS AT HURLINGHAM

The Viscountess de Sibour playing against Mrs. Humphrey in the Ladies' Singles Match in the Hurlingham Tennis Tournament, in which Mrs. Humphrey eventually won after a hard-fought game

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

A.R.A. declines to approve the objects or the proposed constitution of the British Olympic Council or to associate itself in any way therewith, though it is not averse from occasional friendly contests between amateur clubs of different countries, or from arranging for the appearance of British crews at the regattas of other countries and *vice-versâ*. The committee of the Association have further expressed the opinion that organised international athletic competitions at specified intervals, with the necessary expenditure of time and money, are contrary to the spirit of amateur sport; that the exaggerated importance attributed to success in these contests endangers the friendly relations that ought to exist between the rival competitors, and that the inclusion of all kinds of sports, irrespective of their value or athletic purpose, does not provide a true test of the athletic merits of the competing countries.



Photograph *Sport and General*

FUTURE CARPENTIERS?

A group of the different winners—light and heavy-weights—of the Inter-House Boxing Competitions of the City of London School

An Example to be Followed

I HAVE no hesitation in quoting this opinion *in extenso*, though it has, of course, appeared already elsewhere, because I regard it as an eminently successful embodiment in a few sentences of the whole case against the Olympic Games. It explains the instinctive feeling of dislike which the average Briton, without troubling to analyse his thoughts very carefully, has always had for the Games. They were initiated, no doubt, with the best intentions, but without any very clear indication that they were really wanted, and they were developed on the wrong lines, with the result that it has become increasingly plain that they are not wanted—by this country, at any rate. I have always been a consistent disbeliever in them, and I hope that the courageous and dignified example set by the A.R.A. will be extensively followed by other influential sporting organisations.

LAWN TENNIS

Mr. Wallis Myers' Reminiscences

So much has been happening of late in the world of sport that I have been precluded from making more than a passing mention of Mr. Wallis Myers' book, *Twenty Years of Sport*, his latest, and, in some respects, his most unique, contribution to the literature of the game. The value of this particular work lies in its comprehensiveness. Mr. Myers has travelled probably more than any man living in the pursuit of the game of which he is such an ardent devotee and about which he writes so intelligently. The result is that whether you are reading his reminiscences of America, South Africa, the Riviera, or England you are at once impressed by the authoritative utterances of a discerning eye-witness and entertained by the amusing experiences of a born *raconteur*

LAWN TENNIS

Correct stance for the American back-hand upper-cut half-nelson smash service with lift

(One of many amusing sketches in "Sport in a Nutshell," by C. E. Hughes and illustrated by THE BYSTANDER *artist, Fred Buchanan)*

A Vexed Question

THERE is one thing over which I find myself at variance with Mr. Myers. It is in the discussion of the question whether the best men of to-day are better players than their pre-War predecessors. Mr. Myers is satisfied that they are. I am equally satisfied that they are not. In proclaiming the Americans, Tilden and Johnston, as the two finest players of all time Mr. Myers has to take a good deal for granted. He seems to argue that the game must have improved because it has grown older, and he talks about competition being more strenuous and training more intensive than in former days. But is this really so? Has lawn tennis ever produced a finer trained athlete than A. F. Wilding, and is the game really more strenuous than it was when he and Brookes (at his zenith), the Dohertys, Smith, Riseley, and the best Americans of those days used to battle for supremacy at Wimbledon and in the Davis Cup? I doubt it.

The Right Answer

THEN, again, he lays stress upon the fact that Tilden and Johnston are, as he puts it, "all-court" players in a manner which suggests that the "all-court" player is a post-War product. And yet it is really only the phrase itself which is new. Wilding, to take one solitary instance, was an "all-court" player if ever there was one. I freely admit that Johnston and Tilden are both very hard hitters, but with all their hard hitting they have not the command of length—that all-important factor—that their predecessors had, and their percentage of mistakes is much higher. But they are young, as lawn tennis players go, and it is possible that one or both of them may yet develop the finest form the world has ever seen. I feel tolerably certain that they have not done so as yet, and that pride of place must still be given to their predecessors. Lawn tennis is lucky in having such a competent historian. H. S. S.

The Good Old Story

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

SHE: "Sonny asked me the other day if all fairy tales began with 'Once upon a time'"
HE: "And you told him—?"
SHE: "Not quite all, some began with 'I shall be late at the office to-night, dear!'"

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Goodwood

GOODWOOD was as delightful as ever. The hard ground did little to affect the quality of the racing, and the meeting proved a great success. It looked as though the weather was going to break down at last as we motored from the south coast on Stewards' Cup day, but on reaching the Duke of Richmond's park the sun was shining brilliantly once more, and the big sprint race was run under delightful conditions. The chief drawback was the tremendous cloud of dust through which we had to make our way during the last few miles of the journey to the course. Nobody was to blame for this discomfort, as water shortage precludes the use of sprinkling carts on those loose-surfaced roads leading up to the course.

The Big Sprint

WHAT a surprise we had in the Stewards' Cup! Glanmerin was all the rage, and the price eagerly taken about him was absurd. Here was a horse attempting to win under a weight which had never been successfully carried in the Stewards' Cup for more than fifty years, yet people were tumbling over themselves to back him at less than 3 to 1. No wonder the bookmakers continue to thrive. The favourable position which Glanmerin drew in the race made people more keen about him than ever. I think the "luck of the draw" is exaggerated at Goodwood. If you walk over the Stewards' Cup course you will find there is not a great deal in it. Anyway, a horse drawn in the centre has as good a chance as those drawn on the extreme right.

Favourite's Failure

GLANMERIN did not seem to put the same heart into his work as he had shown at Ascot. He had every chance of winning if he had been good enough, but he faded away just when the pressure was applied. For such a screaming favourite his display was signally disappointing. Orby's Pride failed to stay after pulling over his field for half a mile. I think we shall see him to better advantage when the rain comes. My idea is that his trainer has been obliged to give him an easy time owing to the hard going, and I question whether the horse was quite wound up last week. Princess of Mars ran very well, but just failed to stay home.

The Winner

SERVICE KIT found a few backers, but the bookmakers as a whole benefited hugely by his success. "Wise guys" who remembered how well the colt ran in the Royal Hunt Cup did not let him run loose, and naturally they were jubilant over the result. Poor "Paddy" Hartigan thought a great deal of Service Kit. The colt was a bargain to Joe Baylis, the well-known bookmaker, who bought him for 1,750 guineas in the spring. For Major "Vandy" Beatty the race was a personal triumph; he had the colt in splendid condition. Don't forget that among the beaten ones Orby's Pride will pay for following. I shall be looking out for him in the Portland Handicap at Doncaster.

Arravale

I AM glad to have been able to forecast the success of Arravale in the Goodwood Plate. This is one of the longest races of the year, and didn't some of last week's runners know it! Charleville, who had been all the rage, was cooked to a turn when the winning-post was reached. I have seldom seen a well-trained horse so acutely distressed. Some of the others were almost as bad. Arravale, on the other hand, came out of the test with flying colours, and he is one you ought to bear in mind for the Cesarewitch, for I expect him to do even better when the ground is soft. One of these days I look to see him in the first flight in the Grand National.

By "THE TOUT"

MR WALTER RAPHAEL

An impression of this well-known owner indulging in a soliloquy under the white umbrella, between the races. Mr. Raphael won the Derby with Tagalie some years ago. Recently his best performer has been the speedy grey, Poltava

Fine Sport

WE saw a great deal of delightful racing on the second day of the meeting. The struggle between Tetratema and Orpheus in the King George Stakes was something to remember. If the latter's jockey could have kept him straight it would have been an exceedingly near thing. Mrs. "Paddy" Hartigan, whom you will all remember as Nora Edwardes, has got hold of a really good colt in Condover. He is built just on the lines of Periosteum, and I predict a highly successful future for him. Mr. Jack Joel has found another exceedingly smart young filly in Firefiend.

Brighton Tips

THE Sussex fortnight will be continued with the meetings at Brighton and Lewes this week. For the Brighton Cup on Wednesday my selection is **Count Palatine,** and in his absence I should depend upon CONTROL. For the Sussex Stakes **Tetrameter** looks a good thing on last week's running. On Thursday **White Ant** may win the Brighton Handicap, and you must follow THE NIGHT PATROL if he is started in preference to her.

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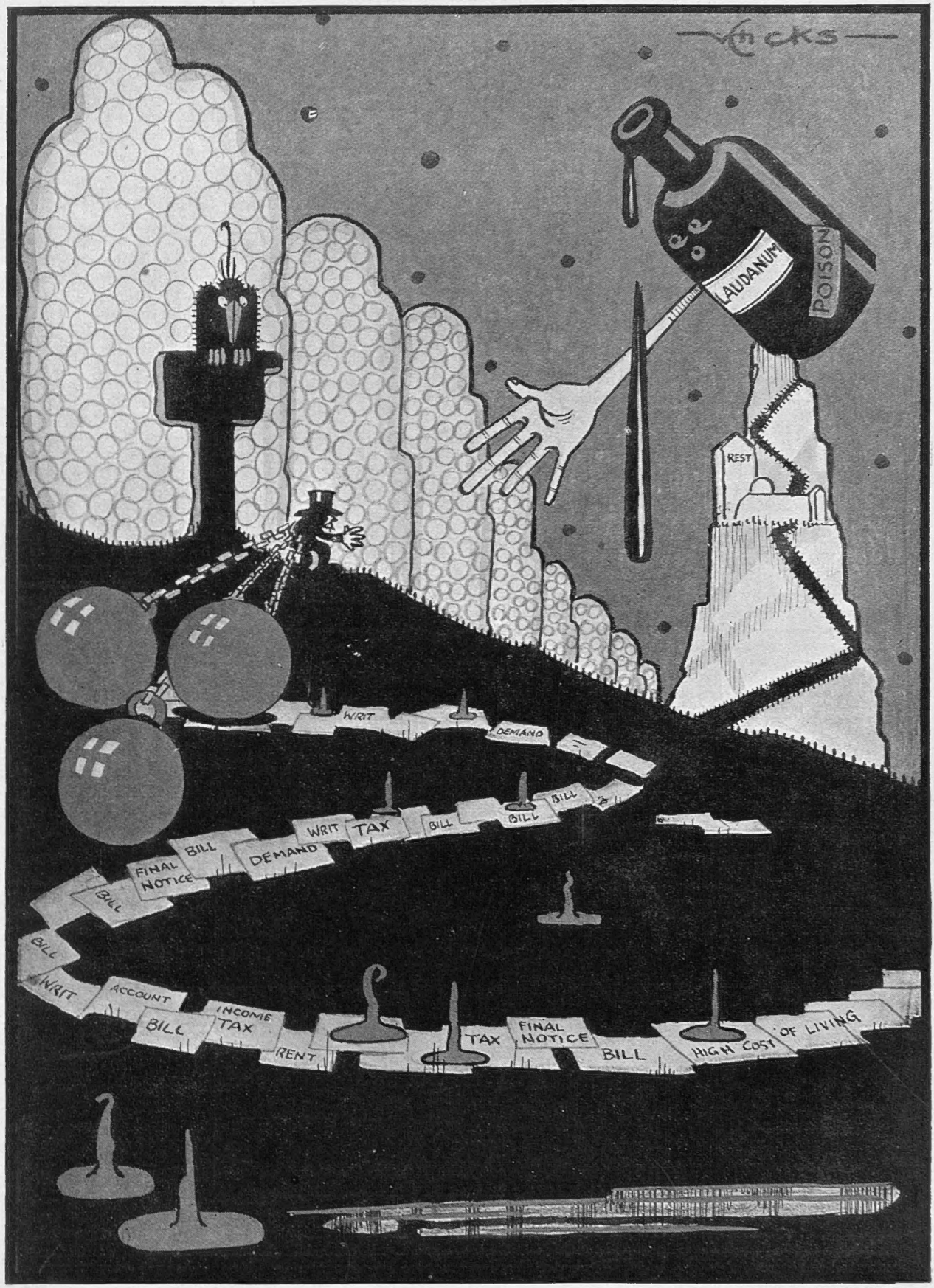
High-ways, Bye-ways and Side-ways



BY VICTOR HICKS

THE MURKY LANE TO LAUDANUM

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I RECOMMEND a very curious novel called *The Man on the Other Side* (Allen and Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Its writer, Miss Ada Barnett, has utilised certain occult theories in a most gracious manner, utilised them, too, to such good purpose that you feel no compunction in accepting them as proved for all time, while reading her story. One knows, of course, that there are strange forces at work on mankind; and strange things can happen at the moment of death. Can such forces react *after* death? Suppose that they can. Suppose, too, that two men, wholly opposite beings, should die and react—each in his own way—on the woman they had both loved.

❀ ❀

THERE is a quiet Sussex farm which Ruth Seer has taken, and no long time elapses before she becomes conscious that there is a force for good working, hidden, by her side. The farm had belonged to Dick Carey who was killed in France, and the dogs seem to know that he is still at the farm. But when Violet, who was to have married him, comes on the scene, another force makes itself felt, a force for evil, a force, as we learn, emanating from a German friend of Carey's who had also died in France, cursing England and everything in it. And so there comes a clash; and a terrible dream, all the more terrible for being hidden, takes place and turns this pleasant farm into a miniature hell. Ruth Seer, however, understands and fights, and with the help of the Carey force wins through.

❀ ❀

THAT, briefly, is the theme, but Miss Barnett does not depend altogether on her theories. She has created a little gallery of people who are good to meet. They are by no means all serious. Lady Condor is delicious. She must certainly have a book to herself. And what an autobiography she could write! And poor little Mr. Fothersley must have another chance. So must Mr. Profiteer Pithey. In fact, Miss Barnett presents her folk in the cleverest way. You can see that she loves all living things. You can see, too, that these theories of hers, of which, be it said, she writes more as facts than theories, do not mean a dull and grey life. Rather the reverse. And so it is that in spite of its horrors, *The Man on the Other Side* is a sunny book.

❀ ❀

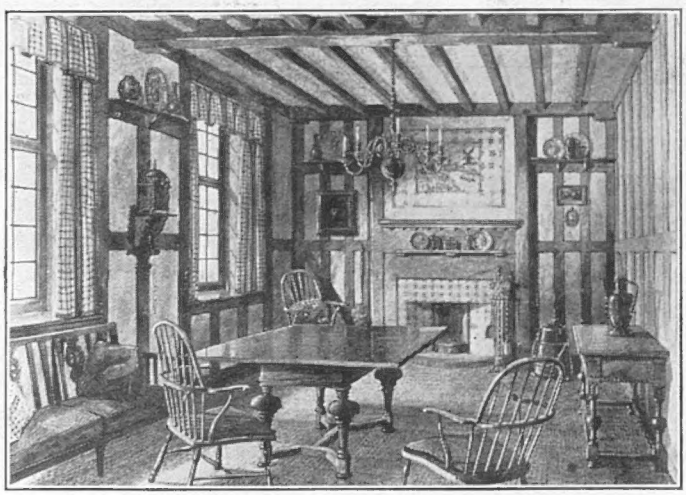
MR. ARTHUR MILL'S work has appeared more than once in these pages. As "Platoon-Commander" in the War, he made his literary mark. Now with the appearance of *Ursula Vanet* (Bale: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), he makes his bow as a novelist. It is a pleasant little story of post-War country society. Poor Robin after his three years' absence in China, comes home to find Miss Vanet grown into a bored Society woman, very different from the jolly girl to whom he had lost his heart. Her brother, too, Lord Deerhaven, had not altered for the better. But Robin wins through, and after an important race, the Vanets, one hopes, have left for ever the seemier side of life. The story is not particularly original, but contains many bright scenes. R. S.

A BOOK of particular interest at the present moment has just been published by the House of Cassell under the title, *Makers of the New World*, which consists of a series of sketches of the Allied statesmen and soldiers who, since the Armistice, have been hammering out the problems left by the war. The author's name is not disclosed, but he is described as "One Who Knows Them," and it is stated that he had singular opportunities for close and careful observation of the characters he deals with.

NEW FURNISHING AND COLOUR SCHEMES CARRIED OUT BY HAMPTON & SONS, LD., at the NEW METROPOLE HOTEL, LONDON

To Hampton and Sons was entrusted the redecoration of the mezzanine, the main, the first, the second, and the third floors, together with the corridors, bath and service rooms on all these floors, and all the staircases, including the main staircase from top to bottom.

On the main floor, Hamptons have entirely redecorated the Café Anglais. The ceiling, cornice and frieze are in white and gold, and the wall surfaces painted a warm apricot colour, which tones well with the various coloured marbles used for the skirtings, dados and pilasters. The whole scheme makes this one of the most strikingly handsome and exhilarating dining-rooms to be found in any city.



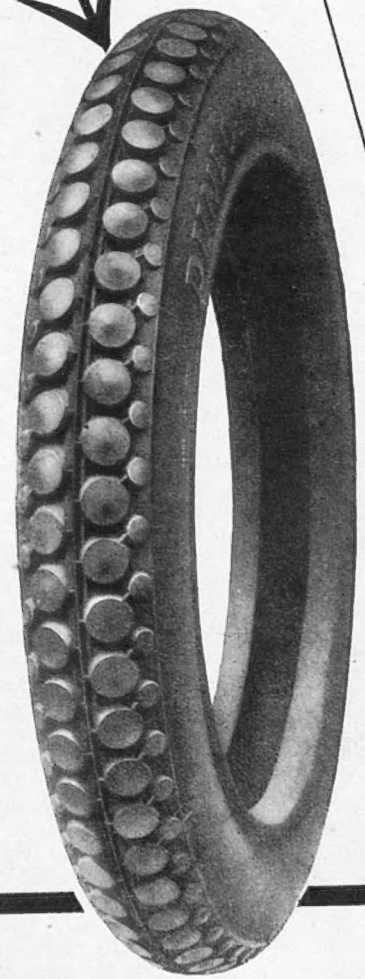
Of the series of private dining rooms on the main floor that were decorated and furnished exclusively by Hampton and Sons, a typical example is the Private Dining-Room, No. 26, illustrated herewith. This is decorated and furnished throughout in the Dutch manner of the 16th century, with beamed ceiling and half-timbered rough plaster walls. The fireplace and a large panel in the upper part of the chimneypiece are Dutch tiled, the old world Dutch effect being materially enhanced by the addition of various old brass art objects and Delft pottery. The floor is covered to the skirting with a matting of interlaced blue and grey strands. The curtains are of cretonne in a diaper pattern of Delft blue and white, lined cream and finished with a blue fringe. The furniture is of oak. The six armchairs are of the Windsor type, and are fitted with loose seat cushions. The settee is deep seated and fitted with a full-length seat cushion and two loose back cushions filled with down. All these are covered with a narrow-striped blue tapestry.

In all the rooms on the first, second, and third floors the wall surfaces have been panelled out with wood mouldings, and the panels, styles and mouldings are picked out in pastel shades of delicate tones of colour, mauve, blue, biscuit, pink and yellow being the principal colours used. Every room has been carefully considered as to aspect, and a warm or other tint selected to suit the position.

To any reader who writes to Pall Mall East for same, Hampton & Sons will be pleased to send illustrations and particulars of any of these new Furnishing and colour schemes.

"Dunlop Magnum for Long Mileage"

Here follows the Tyre-experience of a Buick owner, set down spontaneously for the information of all motorists driving any make of car whatsoever--



Brooklands,
Grove Lane,
Cheadle Hulme.

Gentlemen, I should just like to give you my experience of Dunlop Tyres.

May I fitted two Dunlop Magnums and two Steel Studded tyres on my car (a new Buick) also I carried two spares, a Magnum and a Studded; I have just run over 15,000 miles and only had one small puncture, and the covers of the Magnums are in a wonderful condition.

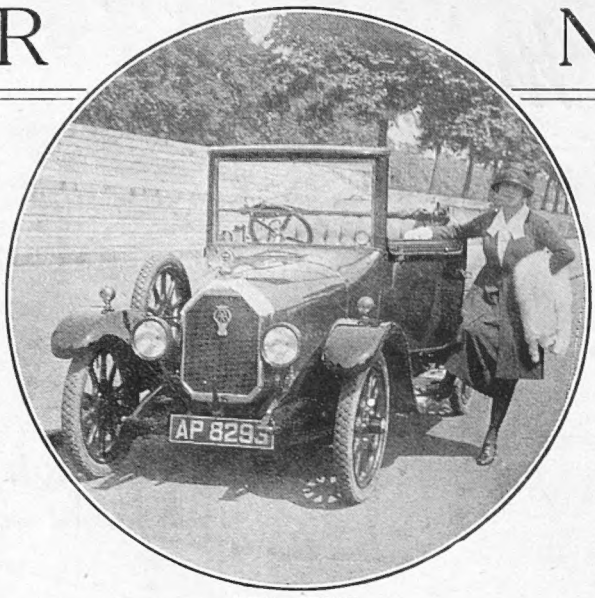
I may say that I have been over some of the worst roads in the Country and yet I have never been held up one minute with tyre trouble; the small puncture occurred in my garage.

Personally I think this result speaks wonderfully well for Dunlop tyres especially considering that I have a heavy all-weather body fitted to the car, and I should like to know if any of your users can beat this record.

Yours truly
(signed) Thos. Wright.

DUNLOP
TYRES OF THE MAGNUM TYPE
are obtainable from all motor dealers

MOTOR NOTES



MRS. BRETT

Wife of Mr. C. W. Brett, Managing Director of Barman, Ltd., with her improved 10 h.p. (11-4) Humber Coupé

BANK HOLIDAY meetings at Brooklands always have good entries, and that on August 1 was no exception to the rule. All the old favourites in racing cars appeared, together with some new-comers, such as Mr. P. Rampon's eight-cylinder Martin-Arab, Mr. E. S. T. Johnson's four-cylinder Thiery-Schneider, Mr. A. Boorer's six-cylinder Bora, Mr. N. T. Chamberlaynes' four-cylinder Nazarro, and a six-cylinder Berliet-Mercèdes, owned by Mr. P. Rampon.

* * *

THANK goodness the hint I threw out in a previous issue on the position of "reserve" cars has been taken by the management, and so there is now no longer the uncertainty of an entrant knowing whether he is going to be able to race, as heats, if necessary, will be run off to reduce the ultimate field for the "pot" to the numbers the track can accommodate on its surface at one time with safety.

* * *

RACING is an uncertain game, but my sympathies are at present very much with my old friends the Vauxhall crowd. They made the fastest time of the day at the Herts A.C. Aston Hill climb in the formula climb, yet a slower car won the unlimited class event in the time run. Still, E. Swain on Mr. Kidner's Vauxhall lowered the previous record for this hill, made by A. J. Hancock on a Vauxhall some years ago, by two seconds so that somewhat eased the pain, while the amateur, Mr. H. W. Cook, also on a Vauxhall, won the Jay Cup for the fastest time in the closed event for members. I expect the present record the Vauxhall created on July 16 will stand for some time now, as I doubt whether the road will permit a greater speed. Still, as I know there will be plenty of other folks ready to try and beat it, we shall see what sort of a prophet I am.

* * *

AS usual, the Napier engined aeroplane known as the "Bamel" won the aerial Derby. Napiers are hard to beat when really out on the job, as their car efforts in the early days of the Brooklands' track showed ample proof. But, as so many folk have asked me why Mr. J. H. James' "Mars I" was nicknamed "Bamel," I think that is the reason why I started on these remarks. Bamel is a portmanteau word that some admirer of the author of *Alice in Wonderland* called this aeroplane, because of its strong likeness to the Bat Batam and the Sopwith Camel. Thus, Bat-Camel begat Bamel which did not fall asleep with its forefathers, but hustled away with the prize at a fearsome speed of miles per hour.

* * *

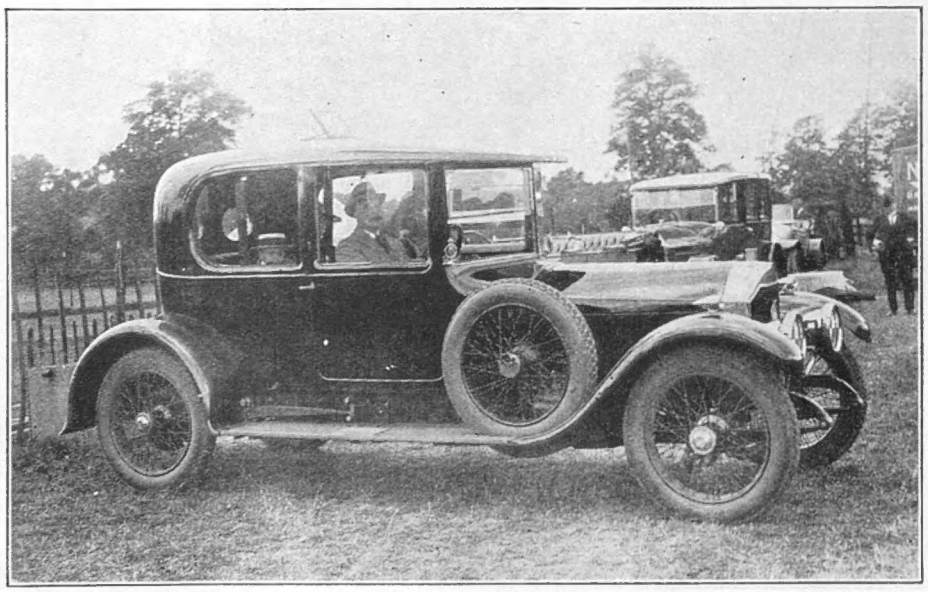
BUT aeroplane races are dull affairs at the best, and, what was worse, when the spectators did have a near view of the machines in the air passing objects, they were flying against the breeze, so did not look like travelling at 200 miles an hour which they really were at times.

* * *

I LOVE the idea of the American railway officials who send a post-card to the owner of all cars that get run into by the trains when mis-timing level crossings in speed and distance, and get smashed up instead. After stating the place, time, and date of the accident, together with the car's registered number, the communication continues to state that the car "was observed to approach and cross the tracks and disregarded the usual safety rules of slow speed, and looking and listening for approaching trains. Observance of 'safety first' slogan will prevent an accident such as is portrayed on reverse side of this card."

* * *

THE picture shows a car terribly crumbled up with the comforting remarks printed on it that one of the occupants was killed and four others permanently injured, all because the usual safety rules of the road were not observed by the driver. Bright idea! why should not our motoring organisations toss up which of them should work this stunt for improving the driving of motor-cars generally in this country. We don't often biff railway trains, but there are enough car collisions to produce pretty pictures of warning value. Something has got to be done with the A.A. road money and the R.A.C. guides, so I throw out another hint as I seem to be lucky in this line lately. OLD HY.



MR. AND MRS. H. T. VANE

Arriving at the Sports Ground of the Napier Athletic Club in their 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier